ir Patient Fancy:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

---

itten by *Mrs. A. BEHN*, the Authour of the *ROVER*.

---

enced *Jan.* 28. 1678. *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

LONDON,
ted by *E. Flesher* for *Richard Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn-gate* in *Grays-Inn-lane*, and *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-lane*. 1678.

LONDON.

TO THE

READER.

I Printed this Play with all the impatient haſte one ought to do, who would be vindicated from the moſt unjuſt and ſilly aſperſion, Woman could invent to caſt on Woman; and which only my being a Woman has procured me; *That it was Baudy*, the leaſt and moſt Excuſable fault in the Men writers, to whoſe Plays they all crowd, as if they came to no other end then to hear what they condemn in this: *but from a Woman it was unnaturall*: but how ſo Cruell an unkindneſs came into their imaginations I can by no means gueſs; unleſs by thoſe whoſe Lovers by long abſence, or thoſe whom Age or Uglineſs have rendered a little diſtant from thoſe things they would fain imagin here — But if ſuch as theſe durſt profane their Chaſt ears with hearing it over again, or taking it into their ſerious Conſideration in their Cabinets; they would find nothing that the moſt innocent Virgins can have cauſe to bluſh at: but confeſs with me that no Play either Ancient or Modern has leſs of that Bug-bear Bawdry in it. Others to ſhow their breeding (as *Bays* ſayes,) cryed it was made out of at leaſt

four *French* Plays, when I had but a very bare hint from one, the *Malad Imagenere*, which was given me tranſlated by a Gentleman infinitely to advantage: but how much of the *French* is in this, I leave to thoſe who do indeed underſtand it and have ſeen it at the Court. The Play had no other Misfortune but that of coming out for a Womans: had it been owned by a Man, though the moſt Dull Unthinking Raſcally Scribler in Town, it had been a moſt admirable Play. Nor does it's loſs of Fame with the Ladies do it much hurt, though they ought to have had good Nature and juſtice enough to have attributed all its faults to the Authours unhappineſs, who is forced to write for Bread and not aſhamed to owne it, and conſequently ought to write to pleaſe (if ſhe can) an Age which has given ſeverall proofs it was by this way of writing to be obliged, though it is a way too cheap for men of wit to purſue, who write for Glory, and a way which even I deſpiſe as much below me.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *BETTERTON.*

WE write not Now as th' Ancient Poets writ,
For your Applause of Nature, Sense and Wit;
But, like good Tradesmen, what's in fashion vent,
And Cozen you, to give ye all Content.
True Comedy, writ even in Dryden's *style,*
Will hardly raise your Humours to a smile:
Long did his Sovereign Muse the Scepter sway,
And long with joy you did true Homage pay;
But now, like happy States luxurious grown,
The Monarch Wit unjustly you dethrone,
And a Tyrannick Commonwealth prefer,
Where each small Wit starts up and claims his share;
And all those Lawrels are in pieces torn,
Which did ere while one sacred Head adorn.
Nay, even the Women, now, pretend to reign,
Defend us from a Poet Joan *again:*
That Congregation's in a hopefull way
To Heaven, where the Lay-sisters Preach and Pray.
Oh the great blessing of a little wit,
I've seen an elevated Poet sit
And hear the Audience laugh and clap, yet say,
Gad after all 'tis a damn'd silly Play:
He unconcern'd, crys onely —is it so?
No matter these nowitty things will doe,
When your fine fustian useless Eloquence
Serves but to chime a sleep a drowsie Audience.
Who at the vast Expence of wit would roast,
That might so cheaply please the Appetite?
Such homely fare you're like to find to night,
Our Author
Knows better how to juggle then to write:
Alas! a Poet's good for nothing now,
Unless he have the knack of conjuring too;
For 'tis beyond all natural sense to guess
How their strange Miracles are brought to pass.
Your Presto Jack be gone, and come again,
With all the Pocus Art of Legerdemain,
Your dancing Tester, Nut-meg and your Cups,
Out-does your Heroes and your Amorous fops,
And if 'tis chance to please you, by that rule,
He that writes Wit is much the greater Fool.

The Actors Names.

Mr. *Anthony Leigh*,	Sir *Patient Fancy*,	An old Rich Alderman, and one that fancies himself always Sick.
Mr. *Crosby*,	*Launder Fancy*	His Nephew, in Love with *Lucretia*.
Mr. *Betterton*,	*Wittmore*,	Gallant to the Lady *Fancy*, a wild young Fellow of a small Fortune.
Mr. *Smith*,	*Lodwick Knowell*,	Son to the Lady *Knowell*, in Love with *Isabella*.
Mr. *Nokes*,	Sir *Credulous Easy*,	A Fooliſh *Devon-ſhire* Knight, deſign'd to Marry *Lucretia*.
Mr. *Richards*,	*Curry*,	His Groom.
	Roger,	Footman to the Lady *Fancy*.
		Five Doctors.
		Six Servants to Sir *Patient*.
		Ballad Singers and Serenaders.
		Page to the Lady *Knowell*.

Women.

Mrs. *Corrar*,	The Lady *Fancy*,	Young Wife to Sir *Patient*.
Mrs. *Gwin*,	The L. *Knowell*,	An Affected Learned Woman, Mother to *Lodw.* and *Isabella*.
Mrs. *Price*,	*Lucretia*,	Daughter to the Lady *Knowell*.
Mrs. *Betterton*,	*Isabella*,	Daughter to Sir *Patient Fancy*.
	Fanny,	A Child of 7, years old, Daughter to Sir *Patient Fancy*.
Mrs. *Gibbs*,	*Maundy*.	The Lady *Fancy's* Woman.
	Betty	Waiting-woman to *Isabella*.

SCENE,

LONDON, in two Houſes.

Sir

Sir Patient Fancy:

A

COMEDY.

ACT the First.

Scene the First. *A Roome.*

Enter Lucretia *with* Iſabella.

Iſab. 'TIS much I owe to fortune, my dear *Lucretia*, for being ſo kind to make us Neighbours, where with eaſe we may continually exchange our Souls and thoughts without the attendance of a Coach, and thoſe other little Formalities that make a buſineſs of a viſit, it looks ſo like a Journey I hate it.

Lucr. Attendance is that Curſe to Greatneſs that confines the Soul, and ſpoils good Humour; we are free whilſt thus alone, and can laugh at the abominable Fopperies of this Town.

Iſab. And lament the numberleſs impertinences wherewith they continually plague all young Women of Quality.

Lucr. Yet theſe are the pretious things our grave Parents ſtill chuſe out to make us happy with, and all for a filthy Jointure, the undeniable argument for our ſlavery to Fools.

Iſab. Cuſtom is unkind to our Sex, not to allow us free choice, but we above all Creatures muſt be forced to endure the formal recommendations of a Parent; and the more inſupportable Addreſſes of an Odious Foppe, whilſt the Obedient Daughter ſtands —— thus —— with her Hands pinn'd before her, a ſet

look, few words, and a meine that cries — come marry me; out upon't.

Lucr. Perceive then what-ever your Father designes, you are resolv'd to love your own way.

Isab. Thou maist lay thy Maiden-head upon't, and be sure of the misfortune to win.

Lucr. My Brother *Lodwick*'s like to be a happy man then.

Isab. Faith my dear *Lodwick* or no body in my heart, and I hope thou art as well resolv'd for my Cozen *Leander*.

Lucr. Here's my hand upon't I am, yet there's something sticks upon my Stomack, which you must know.

Isab. Spare the Relation, for I have observ'd of late your Mother to have order'd her Eyes with some softness, her mouth endeavouring to sweeten it self into smiles and dimples, as if she meant to recall Fifteen again and give it all to *Leander*, for at him she throws her Darts.

Lucr. Is't possible thou shou'dst have perceiv'd it already?

Isab. Long since.

Lucr. And, now I begin to love him, 'twou'd vex me to see my Mother Marry him, ——well I shall never call him Father.

Isab. He'l take care to give himself a better title.

Lucr. This *Devonshire* Knight too who is recommended to my Mother as a fit Husband for me, I shall be so tormented with— My Brother swears he's the perfect unsufferable Fool he ever saw, when he was at my Uncles last Summer he made all his Diversion.

Isab. Prethee let him make ours now, for of all Fops your Countrey Fop is the most tolerable Animal; those of the Town are the most unmanagable Beasts in Nature.

Lucr. And are the most noysie, keeping Fops?

Isab. Keeping begins to be as ridiculous as Matrimony, and is a greater imposition upon the liberty of man, the Insolence and Expence of their Mistresses has almost tir'd out all but the Old and Doting part of man-kind; The rest begin to know their value, and set a Price upon a good shape, a tolerable Face and Mein, —and some there are who have made excellent Bargains for themselves that way, and will flatter ye and gilt ye an Antiquated Lady as artfully as the most experienc'd Miss of 'em all.

Lucr. Lord, Lord! what will this World come to, —— but this Mother of mine, —— *Isabella.* [*Sighs.*

Isab. Is discreet and vertuous enough, a little too affected, as being the most learned of her Sex.

Lucr. Methinks to be read in the Arts as they call 'em, is the peculiar Province of the other Sex.

Isab. Indeed the men wou'd have us think so, and boast their Learning, and Languages, but if they can find any of our Sex fuller of words, and to so little purpose as some of their Gownmen, I'le be content to change my Petticoats for Pantiloons and go to a Grammar-school.

Lucr. Oh they'r the greatest Babelards in Nature.

Isab. They call us Easy, and Fond, and charge us with all weakness, but look into their Actions of Love, State, or War, their roughest business, and you shall find 'em sway'd by some who have the luck to find their feables; witness my Father, a man reasonable enough, till drawn away by doting Love and Religion: what a Monster my young Mother makes of him, Flatter'd him first into Matrimony, and now into what sort of Fool or Beast she pleases to make him.

Lucr. I wonder she does not turn him to Christianity, methinks a Conventicle should ill agree with her humour.

Isab. Oh she finds it the only way to secure her from his suspicion, which if she do not e're long give him cause for, I am mistaken in her Humour, —— but see your Mother and my Cozen *Leander*, who seems, poor man, under some great Consternation, for he looks as gravely as a Lay-elder conducting his Spouse from a Sermon. } *Enter* L. Knowel *and* Leander.

La. Kno. Oh fy upon't. See Mr. *Fancy* where your Cozen and my *Lucretia* are idling, *dii boni*, what an insupportable loss of time's this?

Lean. Which might be better imploy'd if I might instruct 'em Madam.

La. Kno. Aye Mr. *Fancy*, in Consultation with the Antients, —— Oh the delight of Books! when I was of their age, I always imploy'd my looser hours in reading, —— if serious, 'twas *Tacitus*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch's Morals*, or some such useful Author; if in an Humour gay, I was for Poetry, *Virgil*, *Homer*, or *Tasso*, Oh that Love between *Renaldo* and *Armida* Mr. *Fancy*! Ah the Caresses that fair *Corcereis* gave, and received from the young

Warrier, ah how ſoft, Delicate and tender! upon my Honour I cannot read them in the Excellence of their Original Language, without I know not what Emotions.

Lean. Methinks 'tis very well in our Mother tongue Madam.

La.K. O Faugh Mr. *Fancy* what have you ſaid, Mother tongue! Can any thing that's great or moving be expreſt in filthy *Engliſh*,—I'le give you an Energetical proof Mr. *Fancy*, obſerve but Divine *Homer* in the *Grecian* Language — *Ton d'apamibominus, Proſiphe, Podis Ochus Achilleus!* ah how it ſounds! which Engliſh't dwindles into the moſt grating ſtuff: —then the ſwift Foot *Achilles* made reply, —oh faugh.

Lucr. So now my Mother's in her right Sphere.

La. Kn. Come Mr. *Fancy* we'le purſue our firſt deſign of retiring into my Cabinet and reading a leaf or two in *Martiall*, I am a little dull and wou'd fain laugh.

Lean. Methinks Madam diſcourſe were much better with theſe young Ladyes. Dear *Lucretia* find ſome way to releaſe me. [*Aſide.*

La.Kn. Oh how I hate the impertinance of women, who for the generality have no other knowledge then that of dreſſing, I am uneaſy with the unthinking Creatures.

Lucr. Indeed 'tis much better to be Entertaining a young Lover alone, but I'le prevent her if poſſible. [*Aſide.*

La.Kn. No, I am for the ſubſtantiall pleaſure of an Author. *Philoſophemur!* is my Motto, ——I'm ſtrangely fond of you Mr. *Fancy*, for being a Scholar.

Lean. Who Madam I a ſcholar? the greateſt Dunce in Nature, ——Malicious Creatures will you leave me to her mercy? [*To them aſide.*

Lucr. Prethee aſſiſt him in his miſery, for I am Mudd, and can doe nothing towards it. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Who my Cozen *Leander* a Scholar Madam?

Lucr. Sure He's too much a Gentleman to be a Scholar.

Iſab. I Vow Madam he ſpells worſe then a Country Farryer when he Preſcribes a Drench.

Lean. Then Madam I write the lewdeſt hand!

Iſab. Worſe then a Politician or a Stateſ-man.

Lucr. He cannot read it himſelf when he has done.

Lean. Not a word on't Madam.

La. Kn. This agreement to abuſe him, I underſtand— [*Aſide.*
—Well then Mr. *Fancy*, let's to my Cabinet—your hand.

Lean.

Lean. Now ſhall I be teas'd unmercifully, —I'le waite on you Madam. [*Exit* Lady.

—— Find ſome means to redeem me or I ſhall be Mad.

[*Exit*. Lean.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Hah my dear *Iſabella* here, and without a ſpy? what a bleſſed opportunity muſt I be forc't to loſe, for there is juſt now arriv'd My Siſters Lover, whom I am oblig'd to receive, but if you have a mind to laugh a little———

Iſab. Laugh! why are you turn'd Buffoon, Tumbler or Preſbyterian Preacher.

Lod. No, but there's a Creature below more ridiculous then either of theſe.

Lucr. For loves ſake what ſort of Beaſt is that?

Lod. Sir *Credulous Eaſie* your new Lover juſt come to Town Bag and Baggage, and I was going to acquaint my Mother with it.

Iſab. You'l find her well imploy'd with my Cozen *Leander*.

Lucr. A happy opportunity to Free him, but what ſhall I doe now Brother!

Lod. Oh let me alone to ruine him with my Mother, get you gon, I think I hear him coming, and this apartment is appointed for him.

Lucr. Prethee haſte then and free *Leander*, we'l into the Garden. [*Exeunt* Lucr. *and* Iſab.

A Chair and a Table. *Enter Sir* Credulous *in a riding habit*, Curry *his Groom carrying a Portmantle.*

Lod. Yes —tis the Right Worſhipfull, I'le to my Mother with the news. [*Exit* Lod.

Sir Cred. Come undoe my Portmantue and Equip me that I may look like ſomebody before I ſee the Ladies.—*Curry*, Thou ſhalt e'ne remove now *Curry* from Groom to Footman, for I'le ne're keep Horſe more, no, nor Mare neither ſince my Poor *Gillian*'s departed this life.

Cur. 'Ds diggers, Sir, you have griev'd enough for your Mare in all conſcience, think of your Miſtreſs now Sir, and think of her no more.

Sir Cred. Not think of her? I ſhall think of her whilſt I live, poor Fool, that I ſhall, though I had forty Miſtreſſes!

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Sir Cred. Not think of her? I ſhall think of her whilſt I live, poor Fool, that I ſhall, though I had forty Miſtreſſes!

Curr. Nay to ſay truth Sir, 'twas a good natur'd Civil beaſt,

and ſo ſhe remain'd to her laſt gaſp, for ſhe cou'd never have left this world in a better time, as the ſaying is, ſo near her journeys End.

Sir Cred. A Civil Beaſt? Why was it Civilly done of her thinkeſt thou to dye at *Branford*, when had ſhe liv'd till to morrow, ſhe had been converted into Mony and have been in my Pocket? for now I am to Marry and live in town, I'le ſell off all my Pads; poor Fool, I think ſhe e'ne died for grief I wou'd have ſold her.

Curr. 'Twas unlucky to refuſe Parſon *Cuffets* wifes money for her Sir.

Sir Cred. Aye, and to refuſe her another kindneſs too that ſhall be nameleſs which She offer'd me, and which wou'd have given me good luck in horſe-fleſh too, Zoz I was a modeſt fool that's truth on't.

Curr. Well well Sir, her time was come you muſt think, and we are all Mortal as the ſaying is.

Sir Cred. Well 'twas the lovingſt titt, —but graſs and hay ſhe's gon— where be her ſhooes *Curry*?

Curr. Here Sir, her Skin went for good Ale at *Branford.*

[*gives him the ſhooes.*

Sir Cred. Ah! how often has ſhe carry'd me upon theſe ſhooes to Mother *Jumbles*, thou remember'ſt her handſome Daughter and what pure Ale ſhe brew'd, between one and t'other my Rent came ſhort home there, but let that paſs too, and hang ſorrow as thou ſayſt, I have ſomething elſe to think on.

[*Takes his things out, Lays them upon the Table.*

And *Curry*, as ſoon as I am dreſt, go you away to St. *Clements Church-yard*, to *Jackſon* the Cobler there!

Curr. What your Dog-tutor Sir?

Sir Cred. Yes, and ſee how my whelp proves I put to him laſt Parlament.

Curr. Yes Sir.

Enter Leander *and ſtarts back ſeeing Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. And ask him what Gameſters come to the Ponds now adays, and what good Dogs.

Curr. Yes Sir.

Lean. This is the Beaſt *Lodwick* ſpoke of; how cou'd I laugh were he deſign'd for any but *Lucretia!* [*Aſide.*

Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. And doſt hear, ask him if he have not ſold his own Dog *Diver* with the white Ear, if I can purchaſe him, and my own Dog prove right, I'le be Duke of Ducking Pond ads zoz.

[*Sir* Cred. *dreſſes himſelf.*

Well, I think I ſhall be fine anon, he.

Curr. But zo zo Sir, as the ſaying is, this Suit's a little out of faſhion, 'twas made that very year I came to your Worſhip, which is five Winters and as many Summers.

Sir Cred. What then Mun, I never wear it but when I go to be drunk and give my Voice for a Knight o'th' ſhire, and here at *London* in Term time, and that but Eight times in Eight Viſits to Eight ſeveral Ladies to whom I was recommended.

Curr. I wonder that amongſt Eight you got not one Sir.

Sir Cred. Eight! Zoz I have had Eight ſcore Mun, but the Devil was in 'em, they were all ſo Forward, that before I cou'd ſeal and deliver, whip quoth *Jethro*, they were either all Married to ſome body elſe, or run quite away; ſo that I am reſolv'd if this ſame *Lucretia* prove not right, I'le e'ne forſwear this Town and all their falſe Wares, amongſt which Zoz I believe they vent as many falſe Wives as any *Metropolitan* in Chriſtendom, I'l ſay that for't and a Fiddle for't i'faith, —— come give me my Watch out, —ſo, My Diamond Rings too, ſo, I think I ſhall appear pretty well all together *Curry*, hah?

Lean. Like ſomething Monſtrouſly Ridiculous, I'l be ſworn.

[*Aſide.*

Curr. Here's your Purſe of broad Gold Sir, that your Grandmother gave you to go a wooing withall, I mean to ſhow Sir.

Sir Cred. Aye, for ſhe charged me never to part with it, —ſo, now for the Ladyes.

[*Shakes his Ribbons.*

Lod. *Leander*, what mak'ſt thou here, like Holy-day Fool gazing at a Monſter?

[*Enter* Lodwick.

Lean. Yes, and one I hope I have no great reaſon to fear.

Lod. I am of thy opinion, away, my mother's coming, take this opportunity with my Siſter, ſhe's i'th' Garden, and let me alone with this Fool, for an Entertainment that ſhall ſhew him all at once, away——

[*Exit* Lean.

Lod. *goes in to* Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. *Lodwick*, My dear Friend! and little ſpark of ingenuity! —— Zoz man I'me but juſt come to Town.

[*Imbrace.*

Lod. 'Tis a joyful hearing Sir.

Sir Cred.

Sir Cre. Not ſo joyful neither Sir, when you ſhall know Poor *Gillian*'s dead, My little gray Mare, thou knew'ſt her mun, Zoz 'thas made me as Melancholy as the Drone of a *Lancaſhire* Bag-pipe, but let that paſs, and now we talk of my Mare, Zoz I long to ſee this Siſter of thine.

Lod. She'l be with you preſently Sir *Credulous.*

Sir Cre. But hark ye, Zoz I have been ſo often fob'd off in theſe matters, that between you and I *Lodwick* if I thought I ſhou'd not have her, Zoz I'de ne'r loſe precious time about her.

Lod. Right Sir, and to ſay truth, theſe Women have ſo much Contradiction in 'em, that 'tis ten to one but a man fails in the Art of pleaſing.

Sir Cre. Why there's it, —— therefore prethee dear *Lodwick* tell me a few of thy Siſters Humours, and if I fail, —then Hang me Ladies at your door, as the Song ſays.

Lod. Why faith ſhe has many odd Humours hard enough to hit.

Sir Cre. Zoz let 'em be as hard as *Hercules* his Labours in the Vale of *Baſſe*, I'le not be frighted from attempting her.

Lod. Why, She's one of thoſe fantaſtick Creatures that muſt be courted her own way.

Sir Cre. Why let's hear her way.

Lod. She muſt be ſurpris'd with ſtrange Extravagancies wholly out of the Road and Method of common Court-ſhip.

Sir Cre. Shaw, is that all, Zoz I'm the beſt in Chriſtendom at You're out of the way buſ'neſſes, —— Now do I find the reaſon of all my ill ſucceſs, for I us'd one and the ſame method to all I Courted, whatever their Humours were; Hark ye, prethee give me a hint or two, and let me alone to manage matters.

Lod. I have juſt now thought of a way that cannot but take——

Sir Cre. Zoz out with it man.

Lod. Why, what if you ſhould repreſent a Dumb Ambaſſador from the Blind God of Love.

Sir Cre. How, a Dumb Ambaſſador? Zoz man how ſhall I deliver my Embaſſy then, and tell her how much I love her, ——beſides I had a pure ſpeech or two ready by heart, and that will be quite loſt. [*Aſide.*

Lod.

Lod. Phy, phy! how dull you are! why; you ſhall do it by Signes, and I'le be your Interpreter.

Sir Cre. Why faith this will be pure, I underſtand you now, Zoz I am old Excellent at Signes, —I vow this will be rare.

Lod. It will not fail to do your bus'neſs if well manag'd, — but ſtay, here's my Siſter, on your life not a ſyllable.

[*Enter* Lean. Lucr. *and* Iſab.

Sir Cre. I'le be rackt firſt, Mum budget, —prethee preſent me, I long to be at it, ſure. { *He falls back making Faces and Grimaces.*

Lod. Siſter, I here preſent you with a worthy Knight, ſtruck dumb with Admiration of your Beauty, but that's all one, he is employ'd Envoy extraordinary from the blind God of Love, and ſince like his young Maſter he muſt be defective in one of his Senſes, he choſe rather to be Dumb then Blind.

Lucr. I hope the ſmall Deity is in good health Sir?

Iſab. And his Miſtreſs *Pſyche* Sir? { *He ſmiles and bows and makes Signes.*

Lod. He ſayes that *Pſyche* has been ſick of late, but ſomewhat recovered, and has ſent you for a token a pair of Jet Bracelets, and a Cambrick Handkerchief of her own ſpinning, with a Sentence wrought in't; *Heart in hand, at thy Command.* { *Looking every word upon Sir* Credulous *as he makes ſignes.*

Sir Cred. Zoz, *Lodwick* what do you mean? I'me the Son of an *Egyptian* if I underſtand thee. { *Pulls him, he ſignes to him to hold his peace.*

Lod. Come Sir, the Tokens, produce, produce, — How! Faith I am ſorry for that with all my heart, — he ſayes — being ſomewhat put to't on his journey, he was forc't to Pawn the Bracelets for half a Crown, and the handkerchief he gave his Landlady on the Road for a kindneſs received,—this 'tis when people will be fooling.— { *He falls back, making damnable Signes.*

Sir Cred. Why, the Devil's in this *Lodwick*, for miſtaking my Signes thus, hang me if ever I thought of Bracelets or a Handkerchief, or ever received a civility from any Woman breathing, —is he bewitch't trow? [*Aſide.*

Lean. Lodwick, you are miſtaken in the Knight's meaning all this while. Look on him Sir,—do not you gueſs from that look and wrying of his mouth, that you miſtook the Bracelets for Diamond Rings, which he humbly begs, Madam, you would grace with your fair hand.

Lod. Ah, now I perceive it plain.

Sir Cred. A Pox of his Complement. Why this is worſe than t'other, — What ſhall I do in this caſe? — ſhould I ſpeak and undeceive them, they would ſwear 'twere to ſave my Gems: and to part with 'em — Zoz, how ſimply ſhould I look? — but hang't, when I have married her they are my own again.

[*Gives the Rings and falls back into Grimaces.*

Leander *whiſpers to* Lodwick.

Lod. Enough, —— Then Siſter ſhe has ſent you a Purſe of her own knitting, full of broad Gold,——

Sir Cre. Broad Gold! why, what a pox does the Man Conjure?

Lod. Which Siſter faith you muſt accept of, you ſee by that Grimace how much 'twill grieve him elſe.

Sir Cre. A pretty civil way this to Rob a man,——Why *Lodwick* ——why what a Pox will they have no mercy,—— Zoz I'le ſee how far they'l drive the jeſt.

[*Gives the Gold, and bowes and ſcrapes and ſcrews.*

Lod. Say you ſo Sir? Well I'le ſee what may be done,—Siſter, behold him, and take pity on him, he has but one more humble requeſt to make you, 'tis to receive a Gold Watch which he deſigns you from himſelf.

Sir Cre. Why, how long has this fellow been a Conjurer? for he does deal with the Devil, that's certain,—*Lodwick*, —

[*Pulls him.*

Lod. Aye do, ſpeak and ſpoil all, do.

Sir Cred. Speak and ſpoil all quoth he! and the Deuce take me if I am not provok't to't; why, how the Devil ſhould he light ſlap daſh, as they ſay, upon every thing thus? Well, Zoz, I am reſolv'd to give it her, and ſhame her if ſhe have any conſcience in her. [*Gives his Watch with pitiful Grimaces.*

Lod. Now Siſter you muſt know there's a myſtery in this Watch, 'tis a kind of Hieroglyphick that will inſtruct you how a Married Woman of your Quality ought to live.

Sir Cred. How, my Watch Myſteries and Hieroglyphicks! the Devil take me if I knew any ſuch vertues it had.

[*They are all looking on the Watch.*

Lod. Beginning at Eight, from which down to Twelve you ought to imploy in dreſſing, till Two at Dinner, till Five in Viſits, till Seven at the Play, till Nine i'th' Park, at Ten at Sup-

per

per with your Lover, if your Husband be at home, or keep his diſtance, which he's too well bred not to do, then from Ten to Twelve are the happy hours of the Bergere, thoſe of intire enjoyment.——

Sir Cred. Say you ſo? hang me if I ſhall not go near to think I may chance to be a Cuckold by the ſhift.

Iſab. Well Sir, what muſt ſhe do from Twelve till Eight again?

Lod. Oh thoſe are the dull Conjugal hours for ſleeping with her own Husband, and dreaming of Joys her abſent Lover alone can give her.

Sir Cred. Nay an ſhe be for ſleeping, Zoz, I am as good at that as ſhe can be for her heart, or ſnoring either.

Lod. But I have done; Sir *Credulous* has a dumb Oration to make you by way of farther Explanation.

Sir Cred. A dumb Oration! Now do I know no more how to ſpeak a dumb Speech than the Dog.

Lucr. Oh I love that ſort of Eloquence extreamly.

Lod. I told you this would take her.

Sir Cred. Nay, I know your ſilent Speeches are incomparable, and I have ſuch a Speech in my head. ——

Lod. Your Poſtures, your Poſtures, begin Sir.

He puts himſelf into a ready Poſture as if he would ſpeak, but onely makes faces.

Enter Page.

Pag. Sir, My Lady deſires to ſpeak with you. [*To* Lean.

Lean. I'le wait on her,—a Devil on't.——

Pag. I have command to bring you Sir, inſtantly.

Lean. This is ill luck Madam, I cannot ſee the Farce out, I'le wait on you as ſoon as my good fortune will permit me. [*Goes out.*

Lucr. He's going to my Mother, dear *Iſabella* let's go and hinder their diſcourſe: Farewel Sir Ambaſſador, pray remember us to *Pſyche*, not forgetting the little Blind Archer, ha ha ha, —— [*Ex. laughing.*

Sir Cred. So, I have undone all, they are both gone, flown I proteſt; Why what a Devil ail'd 'em? now have I been dumb all this while to no purpoſe, you too never told her my meaning right; as I hope to breath, had any but your ſelf done this, I

ſhould have ſworn by *Helicon* and all the reſt of the Devils, you had had a deſign to have abus'd me, and cheated me of all my Movables too.

Lod. What a hopefull project was here defeated by my miſtake! but Courage Sir *Credulous*, I'le put you in a way ſhall fetch all about again.

Sir Cred. Say you ſo? ah dear *Lodwick* let me hear it.

Lod. Why, you ſhall this night give your Miſtreſs a Serenade.

Sir Cred. How! a Serenade!

Lod. Yes, but it muſt be perform'd after an Extravagant manner, none of your dull Amorous night-walking noiſes ſo familiar in this Town, *Lucretia* loves nothing but what's great and Extravagant, and paſſes the reach of Vulgar practice.

Sir Cred. What think you then of a ſilent Serenade? Zoz ſay but the word and it ſhall be done man, let me alone for Frolicks i'faith.

Lod. A ſilent one? no that's to wear a good Humour to the ſtumps; I wou'd have this want for no noiſe, the Extreams of theſe two addreſſes will ſet off one another.

Sir Cred. Say you ſo? what think you then of the Bagpipe, Tongs and Gridiron, Cat-calls and loud ſounding Cymballs?

Lod. Naught, naught, and of known uſe, you might as well treat her with Viols and Flute-doux, which were enough to diſoblige her for ever.

Sir Cred. Why, what think you then of the King of *Bantam*'s own Muſick?

Lod. How! the King of *Bantam*'s Muſick!

Sir Cred. Aye Sir, the King of *Bantam*'s: a Friend of mine had a Preſent ſent him from thence, a moſt unheard of curioſity I'le aſſure you.

Lod. That, that by all means Sir.

Sir Cred. Well, I'll go borrow 'em preſently.

Lod. You muſt provide your ſelf of a Song.

Sir Cred. A Song! hang't 'tis but rummaging the Play-Books, ſtealing thence is Lawfull Prize —Well Sir *Cred.* your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Enter Leander.

Lod. I hope 'twill be ridiculous enough, and then the Devil's in't if it do not doe his Buſineſs with my Mother, for ſhe hates all

all impertinent Noiſes but what ſhe makes her ſelf. She's now going to make a Viſit to your Uncle, purpoſely to give me an opportunity to *Iſabella*.

Lean. And I'me ingag'd to wait on her thither, ſhe deſigne to carry the Fiddles too, he's Mad enough already, but ſuch a Viſit will fit him for Bedlam.

Lod. No matter, for you have all a lewd hand with him; between his continual imaginary ſickneſs, and perpetual Phyſick, a man might take more Pleaſure in an Hoſpital. What the Devil did he marry a young Wife for? and they ſay a handſome creature too.

Lean. To keep up his Title of Cuckold I think, for ſhe has beauty enough for temptation, and no doubt makes the right uſe on't: wou'd I cou'd know it, that I might prevent her cheating my Uncle longer to my undoing.

Lod. She'll be cunning enough for that, if ſhe have wit: but now thou talk'ſt of intrigues, when didſt ſee *Wittmore*? that Rogue has ſome lucky Haunt which we muſt find out.— But my Mother expects your attendance, I'le go ſeek my Siſter, and make all the Intereſt there I can for you, whilſt you pay me in the ſame Coin to *Iſabella*. [*Adieu.*

Lean. Truſt my Friendſhip—— [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Lady Fancy, Wittmore *and* Maundy.

Witt. ENough my Charming Miſtriſs, you've ſet my Soul at Peace, and chas'd away thoſe Fears and Doubts my Jealouſy created there.

Maun. Mr. *Wittmore*'s ſatisfy'd of your conſtancy Madam, though had I been your Ladyſhip, I ſhould have given him a

more ſubſtantiall Proof, which you might yet doe, if you wou'd make handſom uſe of your time.

Witt. Maundy adviſes well my Deareſt, let's withdraw to yonder Covert Arbour, whoſe kind ſhades will ſecure us a happineſs that Gods might envy. [*Offers to lead her out.*

La. Fan. I dare not for the world, Sir *Patient* is now aſleep, and 'tis to thoſe few Minutes we are oblig'd for this injoyment, which ſhou'd Love make us tranſgreſs, and he ſhou'd wake and ſurprize us, we were undone for ever; no let us imploy this little time we have in conſulting how we may be often happy, and ſecurely ſo: oh how I languiſh for the dear opportunity!

Witt. And cou'd you gueſs what torments I have ſuffer'd in theſe few Fatal Months that have divided us, thou woud'ſt pity me.

La. Fan.—but to our buſineſs; for though I am yet unſuſpected by my Husband, I am eternally plagu'd with his company, he's ſo fond of me, he ſcarce gives me time to write to thee, he waits on me from room to room, hands me in the Garden, ſhoulders me in the Belcony, nay does the office of my women, dreſſes and undreſſes me, and does ſo ſmirk at his handy-work! in fine, dear *Wittmore*, I am impatient till I can have leſs of his company, and more of thine.

Witt. Does he never goe out of Town?

La. Fan. Never without me.

Witt. Nor to Church?

La. Fan. To a meeting-houſe you mean, and then too carries me, and is as vainly proud of me as of his Rebellious opinion, for his Religion means nothing but that, and Contradiction; which I ſeem to like too, ſince 'tis the beſt cloak I can put on to cheat him with.

Witt. Right my fair Hypocrite.

La. Fan. But dear *Wittmore*, there's nothing ſo Comicall as to hear me Cant, and even cheat thoſe knaves the Preachers themſelves that delude the Ignorant Rabble.

Witt. What Miracles cannot your Eyes and Tongue perform!

La. Fan. Judge what a fine life I lead the while, to be ſet up with an old Formal Doating ſick Huſband, and a Herd of ſnivelling grinning Hypocrites that call themſelves the teaching Saints, who under pretence of ſecuring me to the number

of

of their Flock, do ſo ſneer upon me, pat my Breaſts and cry, fy, fy upon this faſhion of tempting Nakedneſs.

[*through the noſe.*

Witt. Dear Creature, how cou'd we laugh at thy new way of living, had we but ſome minutes allow'd us to injoy that pleaſure alone.

La. Fan. Think, dear *Wittmore* think, *Maundy* and I have thought over all our devices to no purpoſe.

Witt. Pox on't I'me the dulleſt Dog at Plotting, Thinking, in the world, I ſhould have made a damnable Ill Town Poet; has he quite left off going to the Change?

La. Fan. Oh, he's grown Cautiouſly rich, and will venture none of his ſubſtantiall ſtock in tranſitory Traffick.

Witt. Has he no Mutinous Caball, nor Coffee-houſes, where he goes religiouſly to conſult the wellfare of the Nation?

La. Fan. His imagin'd ſickneſs has made this their Rendeſvouz.

Witt. When he goes to his blind Devotion, cannot you pretend to be ſick? that may give us at leaſt two or three opportunities to begin with.

La. Fan. Oh! then I ſhould be plagu'd with continual Phyſick and Extempore Prayer till I were ſick indeed.

Witt. Damn the Humorous Coxcombe and all his Family, what ſhall we do?

La. Fa. Not all, for he has a Daughter that has good Humour, Wit, and Beauty enough to ſave her, —— ſtay —— that has jogg'd a thought as the learned ſay, which muſt jogg on, till the motion have produc't ſomething worth my thinking. ——

[*Enter* Roger *running.*

Maun. Ad's me here's danger near, our Scout comes in ſuch haſt.

La. Fa. Roger, what's the matter?

Rog. My Maſter, Madam, is riſen from ſleep, and is come into the Garden, —— See Madam he's here.

La. Fa. What an unlucky accident was this?

Witt. What ſhall I do? 'tis too late to obſcure my ſelf.

La. Fa. He ſee's you already through the Trees, —— here —— keep your diſtance, your Hat under your Arm, ſo, be very Ceremonious whil ſt I ſettle a demure Countenance. ——

Maun.

Maun. Well, there never came good of Lovers that were given to too much talking; had you been ſilently kind all this while, you had been willing to have parted by this time.

Enter Sir Patient *in a Night-gown, reading a Bill.*

Sir Pat. Hum, —— Twelve Purges for this preſent *January*,— as I take it, good Mr. Doctor, I took but Ten in all *December*, ——by this Rule I am ſicker this Month than I was the laſt, ——— and good Maſter Apothecary methinks your Prizes are ſomewhat to high, at this rate no body wou'd be ſick. —— Here *Roger*, ſee it paid however,—Ha, hum. [*Sees 'em and ſtarts back.* What's here, my Lady Wife entertaining a lewd fellow of the Town? a flaunting Cap and Feather Blade?

La. Fa. Sir *Patient* cannot now be ſpoken with. But Sir, that which I was going juſt now to ſay to you, was, that it would be very convenient in my opinion to make your addreſſes to *Iſabella*, ——'twill give us opportunities. [*Aſide*] We Ladies love no impoſition, this is Counſel my Husband perhaps will not like, but I would have all Women chuſe their Man, as I have done, —— my dear *Wittmore*. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. I profeſs ingenuouſly an excellent good Lady this of mine, tho' I do not like her Counſel to the young man, whom I perceive would be a ſuiter to my Daughter *Iſabella*.

Wit. Madam, ſhould I follow my inclinations, I ſhould pay my vows no where but there, —— but I am inform'd Sir *Patient* is a man ſo poſitively reſolv'd. ——

La. Fa. That you ſhould love his Wife. [*Aſide.*

Wit. And I'le comply with that reſolve of his, and neither Love nor Marry *Iſabella*, without his Permiſſion, and I doubt not but I ſhall by my reſpects to him gain his conſent, —— to Cuckold him. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. I profeſs ingenuouſly a very diſcreet young man.

Wit. But Madam, when may I promiſe my ſelf the ſatisfaction of coming again? For I'me impatient for the ſight and enjoyment of the fair perſon I love.

La. Fa. Sir, You may come at night, and ſomething I will doe by that time ſhall certainly give you that acceſs you wiſh for.

Wit. May I depend upon that happineſs?

La. Fa. Oh, doubt not my power over Sir *Patient*.

Sir

Sir Pat. My Lady *Fancy*, you promiſe largely.

La. Fa. Sir *Patient* here?

Wit. A Devil on him, wou'd I were well off, now muſt I diſſemble, profeſs, and lye moſt confoundedly.

Sir Pat. Your Servant Sir, your Servant, — My Lady *Fancy*, your Ladiſhip is well entertain'd I ſee, have a care you make me not Jealous, my Lady *Fancy*.

La. Fa. Indeed I have given you cauſe Sir *Patient*, for I have been entertaining a Lover, and one you muſt admit of too.

Sir Pat. Say you ſo, my Lady *Fancy*? —— Well Sir, I am a man of Reaſon, and if you ſhew me good cauſes why, can bid you welcom, for I do nothing without Reaſon aud Precaution.

Wit. Sir I have. ——

Sir Pat. I know what you wou'd ſay Sir, few words denoteth a wiſe head, — you wou'd ſay that you have an ambition to be my Son in Law.

Witt. You gueſs moſt right Sir.

Sir Pat. Nay Sir, I'le warrant I'le read a man as well as the beſt, I have ſtudied it.

Witt. Now Invention help me or never.

Sir Pat. Your Name I pray? { *Putting off his Hat gravely at every word.*

Witt. *Fain-Love*, Sir.

Sir Pat. Good Mr. *Fain-Love*, your Countrey?

Witt. Yorkſhire, Sir.

Sir Pat. What, not Mr. *Fain-Love*'s Son of *Yorkſhire*, who was Knighted in the good days of the late Lord Protector?

[*Off his Hat.*

Witt. The ſame Sir, — I am in, but how to come off again the Devil take me if I know.

Sir Pat. He was a man of admirable Parts, believe me, a notable head-piece, a Publick-ſpirited Perſon, and a good Commonwealths man, that he was, on my word, — Your Eſtate Sir, I pray? [*Hat off.*

Witt. I have not impair'd it Sir, and I preſume you know its value? For I'me a Dog if I doe. ——

Sir Pat. O' my word 'tis then conſiderable Sir, for he left but one Son, and Fourteen hundred Pounds *per annum*, as I take it, which Son I hear is lately come from *Geneva*, whither he was

ſent for vertuous Education. I am glad of your Arrival Sir, — Your Religion I pray?

Witt. You cannot doubt my Principles, Sir, ſince educated at *Geneva.*

Sir Pat. Your Father was a diſcreet Man, ah Mr. *Fain-love*, he and I have ſeen better dayes, and wiſh we cou'd have foreſeen theſe that are arriv'd.

Witt. That he might have turn'd honeſt in time, he means, before he had purchas'd Biſhops Lands.

Sir Pat. Sir, You have no Place, Office, Dependance or Attendance at Court I hope?

Witt. None Sir. — Wou'd I had, —— ſo you were hang'd.

La. Fa. Nay Sir, you may believe, I knew his Capacities and Abilities before I would encourage his Addreſſes.

Sir Pat. My Lady *Fancy*, you are a diſcreet Lady; — Well I'le marry her out of hand to prevent Mr. *Lodwick*'s hopes, for tho' the young man may deſerve well, that mother of his I'le have nothing to do with, ſince ſhe refuſed to marry my Nephew. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fany.

Fan. Sir Father, here's my Lady *Knowell* and her Family come to ſee you.

Sir Pat. How! her whole Family! I am come to keep open Houſe; very fine, her whole Family! ſhe's Plague enough to mortify any good Chriſtian, — tell her, my Lady and I am gon forth; tell her any thing to keep her away.

Fan. Shou'd I tell a lye Sir Father, and to a Lady of her Quality?

Sir Pat. Her Quality and ſhe are a Couple of impertinent things, which are very troubleſome, and not to be indur'd I take it.

Fan. Sir, we ſhou'd bear with things we do not love ſometimes, 'tis a ſort of trial Sir, a kind of mortification fit for a good Chriſtian.

Sir Pat. Why, what a notable talking Baggage is this! How came you by this Doctrine?

Fan. I remember, Sir, you Preach'd it once to my Siſter, when the old Alderman was the Text, whom you exhorted her to marry, but the wicked Creature made ill uſe on't.

Sir

Sir Pat. Go your way for a Prating Huſwife, go, and call your Siſter hither. [*Exit* Fanny.] —— Well I'me reſolv'd to leave this Town, nay, and the World too, rather than be tormented thus.

La. Fa. What's the matter Dear, thou doſt ſo fret thy ſelf?

Sir Pat. The matter! my houſe, my houſe is beſieged with impertinence, the intolerable Lady, Madam *Romance*, that walking Library of Profane Books is come to viſit me.

La. Fa. My Lady *Knowell?*

Sir Pat. Yes, that Lady of eternal noiſe and hard words.

La. Fa. Indeed 'tis with pain I am oblig'd to be civil to her, but I conſider her Quality, her Husband was too an Alderman your friend, and a great Ay and no Man i'th' City, and a painful promoter of the good Cauſe.

Sir Pat. But ſhe's a Fop, my Lady *Fancy*, and ever was ſo; an idle conceited ſhe Fop, and has vanity and tongue enough to debauch any Nation under Civil Government: but, Patience, thou art a vertue, and Affliction will come, ——— Ah I'me very ſick, alas I have not long to dwell amongſt the Wicked, Oh, oh. — *Roger*, is the Doctor come?

Enter Roger.

Rog. No Sir, but he has ſent you a ſmall draught of a Pint, which you are to take and move upon't.

Sir Pat. Ah, —— Well I'le in and take it; —— Ah —— Sir, I crave your Patience for a moment, for I deſign you ſhall ſee my Daughter, I'le not make long work on't Sir, alas I would diſpoſe of her before I die, Ah,— I'le bring her to you Sir, Ah, Ah. —

[*Goes out with* Roger.

La. Fa. He's always thus when viſited, to ſave charges, — But how dear *Wittmore* cam'ſt thou to think of a Name and Countrey ſo readily?

Witt. Egad I was at the height of my invention, and the Alderman civilly and kindly aſſiſted me with the reſt; but how to undeceive him,———

La. Fa. Take no care for that, in the mean time you'l be ſhrewdly hurt to have the way laid open to our enjoyment, and that by my Husbands procurement too: but take heed dear *Wittmore*, whilſt you only deſign to feign a Courtſhip, you do it not in good earneſt.

Witt. Unkind Creature!

La. Fa. I wou'd not have you indanger her heart neither: for thou haſt Charmes will do't. ——Prethee do not put on thy beſt looks, nor ſpeak thy ſofteſt language; for if thou doſt, thou canſt not fail to undoe her.

Witt. Well my pretty Flatterer, to free her heart and thy ſuſpicions, I'le make ſuch aukward Love as ſhall perſwade her, however ſhe chance to like my Perſon, to think moſt lewdly of my parts, —— But 'tis fit I take my leave, for if *Lodwick* or *Leander* ſee me here, all will be ruin'd, death I had forgot that.

La.Fa. Leander's ſeldom at home, and you muſt time your Viſits: but ſee Sir *Patient*'s return'd, and with him your new Miſtreſs.

Enter Sir Patient *and* Iſabella.

Sir Pat. Here's my Daughter *Iſabella*, Mr. *Fain-love:* ſhe'l ſerve for a Wife, Sir, as times goe; but I hope you are none of thoſe, ——Sweet-heart —— this Gentleman I have deſign'd you, he's rich and young, and I am old and ſickly, and juſt going out of the world, and would gladly ſee thee in ſafe hands.

Maun. He has been juſt going this twenty Years. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Therefore I command you to receive the tenders of his Affection.

Enter Fany.

Fan. Sir Father, my Lady *Knowell*'s in the Garden.

La.Fa. My Dear, we muſt go meet her in decency.

Sir Pat. A hard caſe a man cannot be ſick in quiet. —— [*Goes out.*

Iſab. A Husband, and that not *Lodwick*! Heaven forbid. [*Aſide.*

Witt. Now Foppery aſſiſt to make me very ridiculous.—— Death ſhe's very pretty and inviting, what an inſenſible Dog ſhall I be counted to refuſe the enjoyment of ſo fair, ſo new a Creature, and who is like to be thrown into my Arms too whether I will or not? ——— but Conſcience and my vows to the fair Mother: No I will be honeſt, ——— Madam, —— as Gad ſhall ſave me, I'me the Son of a Whore, if you are not the moſt Bell Perſon I ever ſaw, and if I be not damnably in love with you,

you, but a pox take all tedious Courtſhip, I have a free-born and generous Spirit, and as I hate being confin'd to dull cringing, whining, flattering, and the Devil and all of Foppery, ſo when I give an heart I'me an Infidel, Madam, if I do not love to do't frankly and quickly, that thereby I may oblige the Beautiful receiver of my Vows, Proteſtations, Paſſions, and Inclination.

Iſab. You're wonderfull ingaging Sir, and I were an Ingrate not to facilitate a return for the Honour you are pleas'd to do me.

Witt. Upon my Reputation, Madam, you're a civil well-bred Perſon, you have all the Agreemony of your Sex, *La Bell Talie, la Boon Mien, & reparteét bien*, and are *tout one toore*, as I'me a Gentleman, *fort agreeable.* —— If this do not pleaſe your Lady, and Nauſeate her, the Devil's in 'em both for unreaſonable Women. —— [*To* Maund.

Fan. Gemini Siſter, does the Gentleman Conjure?

Iſab. I know not, but I'me ſure I never ſaw a more affected Fop.

Maun. Oh a damnable impertinent Fop, 'tis pity, for he's a proper Gentleman.

Witt. Well if I do hold out, Egad I ſhall be the braveſt young fellow in Chriſtendome: but Madam, I muſt kiſs your hand at preſent, I have ſome Viſits to make, Devoirs to pay, neceſſities of Gallantry only, no Love ingagement by *Jove* Madam, it is ſufficient I have given my Parole to your Father to do him the honour of my Alliance; and an unneceſſary Jealouſie will but diſoblige Madam your ſlave—Death theſe Rogues will ſee me and I'me undone.— [*Exit.*

Enter *Lady* Fancy, *Lady* Knowell, *Sir* Credulous *and* Lucr. *with other women and men.*

La. Kno. *Iſabella*, your ſervant, Madam, being ſenſible of the inſociable and ſolitary life you lead, I have brought my whole Family to wait on your Ladyſhip, and this my Son *in Futuro*, to kiſs your hands, I beſeech your Ladyſhip to know him for your humble ſervant: my Son and your Nephew Madam are coming, with the Muſick too, we mean to paſs the whole day with your Ladyſhip: —and ſee they are here.

Enter

Enter Lodwick *pulling in* Wittmore, Leander *with them,*

Lod. Nay ſince we have met thee ſo luckily, you muſt back with us.

Witt. You muſt excuſe me Gentlemen.

Lod. We'le ſhow ye two or three fine women.

Witt. Death theſe Rogues will ruine me——but I have buſineſs Gentlemen that——

Lean. That muſt not hinder you from doing deeds of Charity, we are all come to teaze my Uncle, and you muſt aſſiſt at ſo good a work—come gad thou ſhalt make love to my Aunt, —I wou'd he wou'd effectually. [*Aſide.*

Lod. Now I think on't, what the Devil doſt thou make here?

Witt. Here? —oh Sir—a—I have a deſign upon the Alderman.

Lod. Upon his handſome Wife thou meaneſt? ah Rogue!

Witt. Faith no,—a—'tis to—borrow Mony of him, and as I take it Gentlemen you are not fit perſons for a man of Credit to be ſeen with, I paſs for a graver man.

Lod. Well Sir, take your Courſe—but egad he'le ſooner lend thee his wife than his Money. [*Ex.* Witt. *they come in.*

Lean. Aunt I have taken the boldneſs to bring a Gentleman of my aquaintance to kiſs your Ladiſhips hands.

Lod. Thy Aunt! —death ſhe's very handſom, —Madam your moſt humble ſervant. [*Kiſſes the La.* Fan.

Lean. Prethee imploy this Fool that I may have an opportunity to entertain thy Siſter.

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, what not a word? not a Complement? hah—be briſk man, be gay and witty, talk to the Ladies.

Sir Cred. Talk to 'em? why what ſhall I ſay to 'em?

Lod. Any thing ſo it be to little purpoſe.

Sir Cred. Nay Sir, let me alone for that matter—but who are they prethee?

Lod. Why that's my Lady *Fancy*, and that's her Daughter in Law, ſalute 'em Man——

Sir Cred. Fair Lady, —I do proteſt and vow, you are the moſt beautifull of all Mothers in Law, and the World cannot produce your equall.

Lod.

Lod. The Rogue has but one method for all Addreſſes.
[*They laugh.*

La. Kn. Oh abſurd! this Sir is the beautifull Mother in Law.
[*To La.* Fancy.

Sir Cred. Moſt Noble Lady, I cry you mercy, [*Enter Sir* Pat. Then Madam as the Sun amongſt the Stars, or rather as the Moon not in conjunction with the Sun but in her oppoſition, when one riſes the other ſets, or as the Vulgar call it Full moon—I ſay as the Moon is the moſt beautifull of all the ſparkling lights, even ſo are you the moſt accompliſht Lady under the Moon—and Madam, I am extreamly ſenſible of your Charms and Celeſtial Graces. [*To* Iſabella.

Sir Pat. Why this is abominable and inſupportable.

Lucr. I find Sir, you can talk to purpoſe when you begin once.

Sir Cred. You are pleas'd to ſay ſo, Noble Lady; but I muſt needs ſay, I am not the worſt bred Gentleman for a Country Gentleman that ever you ſaw, for you muſt know incomparable Lady that I was at the Univerſity three years, and there I learnt my Logick and Rhethorick, whereby I became excellent at Repartee, ſweet Lady. As for my Eſtate, my Father dy'd ſince I came of Age, and left me a ſmall younger Brothers Portion, dear Lady.

Lucr. A younger Brothers Sir?

Sir Cred. Ha ha, I know what you wou'd infer from that now; but you muſt know delicious Lady, that I am all the Children my Father had.

Lucr. Witty I proteſt.

Sir Cred. Nay Madam when I ſet on't I can be witty.

Lean. Cruel *Lucretia* leave 'em, and let us ſnatch this opportunity to talk of our own affairs.

Sir Cred. For you muſt know bright Lady, though I was pleas'd to rally my ſelf, I have a pretty competent Eſtate of about 3000 l. a year, and am to marry Madam *Lucretia.*

La. Fan. You 're a happy man Sir.

Sir Cred. Not ſo happy neither, ineſtimable Lady, for I loſt the fineſt Mare yeſterday—but let that paſs, were you never in *Devonſhire* Madam?

La. Fan. Never Sir.

Sir Cred. Introth and that's pitty ſweet Lady, for if you lov'd Hawking, Drinking, and Whoring, —oh Lord, I mean Hunting, i'faith

i'faith there be good fellows wou'd keep you company Madam.

Sir Pat. This is a Plot upon me, a meer Plot. —My Lady *Fancy*, be tender of my reputation, Foppery's catching, and I had as lieve be a Cuckold as Husband to a vain Woman.

Sir Cred. Zoz, and that may be as you ſay Noble Sir. Lady pray what Gentleman's this—Noble Sir, I am your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir Pat. Oh cry you mercy Sir. [*walks away.*

Sir Cred. No offence dear Sir I proteſt, 'slife I believe 'tis the Maſter of the houſe, he look't with ſuch authority —why who cares, let him look as big as the four Winds, Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, I care not this,—therefore, I Beg your Pardon Noble Sir.

Sir Pat. Pray ſpare your Hat and Legs Sir, till you come to Court, they are thrown away i'th' City.

Sir Cred. O Lord dear Sir, 'tis all one for that, I value not a Leg nor an Arm amongſt Friends, I am a *Devonſhire* Knight Sir all the world knows, a kind of Country Gentleman, as they ſay, and am come to Town to Marry my Lady *Knowells* Daughter.

Sir Pat. I'm glad on't Sir. [*walks away, he follows.*

Sir Cred. She's a deſerving Lady Sir, if I have any Judgment, and I think I underſtand a Lady Sir in the right Honourable way of Matrimony.

Sir Pat. Well Sir, that is to ſay you have been marryed before Sir, and what's all this to me good Sir?

Sir Cred. Marryed before incomparable Sir! not ſo neither, for there's difference in men Sir.

Sir Pat. Right, Sir, for ſome are Wits, and ſome are Fools!

Sir Cred. As I hope to breath 'twas a ſaying of my Grandmothers, who us'd to tell me Sir, that bought Wit was beſt. I have brought money to Town for a ſmall purchaſe of that kind, for Sir, I wou'd fain ſet up for a Country Wit—Pray Sir where live the Poets? for I wou'd fain be acquainted with ſome of them.

Sir Pat. Sir I do not know, nor do I care for Wits and Poets. Oh this will kill me quite, I'l out of Town immediately.

Sir Cred. But Sir, I mean your Fine railing Bully Wits, that have Vineger, Gall and Arſenick in 'em as well as Salt and Flame and Fire and the Devil and all.

Sir Pat. Oh defend me! and what is all this to me Sir?

Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. Oh Sir, they are the very Soul of Entertainment, and Sir, it is the prettieſt ſport to hear 'em rail and baule at one another—Zoz wou'd I were a Poet.

Sir Pat. I wiſh you were, ſince you are ſo fond of being rail'd at—— if I were able to beat him I would be much angry—— but Patience is a Vertue, and I will into the Country.——

[*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. 'Tis all one caſe to me dear Sir,—but I ſhould have the pleaſure of railing again, *cum privilegio*, I love fighting with thoſe pointleſs Weapons—— Zoz Sir, you know if we men of quality fall out—— (for you are a Knight I take it) why there comes a Challenge upon it, and ten to one ſome body or other is run through the Gills, why a pox on't I ſay this is very damnable, give me Poets Licence.——

La. Fa. Take him off in pity. [*To* Leander.

Lod. Indeed Railing is a Coin only currant among the Poets—Sir *Credulous.*——

Sir Pat. Oh bleſt deliverance—what a profane wretch is here, and what a lewd world we live in—oh *London*, *London*, how thou aboundeſt in Iniquity, thy Young men are debaucht, thy Virgins defloured, and thy Matrons all turn'd Bawds! my Lady *Fancy*, this is not company for you I take it, let us fly from this vexation of ſpirit on the never-failing wings of diſcretion.——

{*Going to lead Lady* Fancy *off—the Lady*
{Knowell *ſpeaking to* Iſabella *all this while.*

La. Kn. How! marry thee to ſuch a Fop ſayeſt thou? oh egregious!—as thou loveſt *Lodwick* let him not know his name, it will be dangerous, let me alone to evade it.

Iſab. I know his fiery temper too well to truſt him with the ſecret.

La. Kn. Hark ye Sir, and do you intend to doe this horrible thing?——

Sir Pat. What thing, my Lady *Knowell?*

La. Kn. Why to marry your Daughter Sir.

Sir Pat. Yes Madam.

La. Kn. To a beaſtly town Fool? *Monſtrum horrendum!*

Sir Pat. To any Fool, except a Fool of your Race, of your Generation.—

L.K. How! a Fool of my Race, my Generation! I know thou meaneſt my ſon, thou contumelious Knight, who let me tell thee,

ſhall marry thy Daughter *invito te*, that is, (to inform thy obtuſe underſtanding) in ſpight of thee, yes ſhall marry her, though ſhe inherits nothing but thy dull Enthuſiaſmes, which had ſhe been legitimate ſhe had been poſſeſt with.

Sir Pat. Oh abominable! you had beſt ſay, ſhe is none of my Daughter, and that I was a Cuckold.—

La. Kn. If I ſhould Sir, it would not amount to *Scandalum Magnatum*, I'le tell thee more; thy whole Pedigree, —And yet for all this *Lodwick* ſhall marry your Daughter, and yet I'le have none of your Nephew.—

Sir Pat. Shall he ſo, my Lady *Knowell?* I ſhall go near to outtrick your Ladyſhip for all your Politick Learning. 'Tis paſt the Canonical hour as they call it, or I wou'd marry my Daughter inſtantly, I profeſs we ne're had good daies ſince theſe Canonicall Fopperies came up again, meer Popiſh tricks to give our Children time for diſobedience, —the next Juſtice wou'd ha' ſerv'd turn, and have done the buſineſs at any hour, but Patience is a Vertue—*Roger*, go after Mr. *Fain-love*, and tell him I wou'd ſpeak with him inſtantly.

La. Kn. Come come Ladies, we loſe fleeting time, upon my Honour we doe, for Madam as I ſaid I have brought the Fiddles, and deſign to Sacrifice the intire Evening to your Ladyſhips Diverſion.

Sir Cred. Incomparable Lady, that was well thought on, Zoz, I long to be jigging.

Sir Pat. Fiddles, Good Lord! why what am I come to! —Madam I take it, Sir *Patient Fancies* Lady is not a proper Perſon to make one at immodeſt Revellings, and Profane Maſqueradings.

La. Fa. Why? ah 'tis very true Sir, but we ought not to offend a Brother that is weak, and conſequently a Sifter.

Sir Pat. An Excellent Lady this, but ſhe may be corrupted, Ah ſhe may fall, I will therefore without delay carry her from this wicked Town.

La. Kn. Come come Gentlemen, let's in, Mr *Fancy* you muſt be my man—Sir *Credulous* come, and you ſweet Sir, come Ladies, —*Nunc eſt ſaltandum*, &c. [*Exeunt.*

Scena

Scene changes to a Chamber.

Enter Sir Patient *as before, Lady* Fancy, Wittmore, Maundy, *and* Roger *with things.*

Sir Pat. Maundy fetch my Cloaths, I'll dreſs me and out of Town inſtantly ——perſwade me not. [*To* Witt.] *Roger*, is the Coach ready *Roger?*

Rog. Yes Sir, with four horſes.

La. Fa. Out of Town! oh I'm undone then, there will be no hopes of ever ſeeing *Wittmore.* [*Aſide.*] ——*Maundy* oh help me to contrive my ſtay, or I'm a dead Woman. ——Sir, ſure you cannot goe and leave your affairs in Town.

Sir Pat. Affairs! what Affairs?

La. Fa. Why your Daughter's Marriage Sir, ——and——Sir, —— not Sir but that I deſire of all things in the World the bleſſing of being alone with you, far from the noiſe and lewd diſorders of this filthy Town.

Sir Pat. Moſt excellent Woman! ah thou art too good for ſinfull Man, and I will therefore remove thee from the temptations of it——*Maundy*, my Cloaths——Mr. *Fain-love*, I will leave *Iſabella* with my Lady *Fidget* my Siſter, who ſhall to morrow ſee you married to prevent farther inconveniences.

La. Fa. What ſhall I doe?

Maun. Madam, I have a deſign, which conſidering his Spleen, muſt this time doe our buſineſs——'tis—— [*Whiſpers.*]

La. Fa. I like it well, about it inſtantly, hah— [*Ex.* Maundy. alas Sir, ——what ails your Face? good Heav'n——look *Roger.*

Sir Pat. My Face! why what ails my Face! hah! ——

La. Fa. See Mr. *Fain-love*, oh look on my dear, is he not ſtrangely alter'd?

Witt. Moſt wonderfully.

Sir Pat. Alter'd, hah——why where, why how alter'd? ——hah, Alter'd ſay you?——

Witt. Lord how wildly he ſtares!

Sir Pa. Hah, ſtare, ——wildly? ——

Rog. Are you not very ſick Sir?

La. Fa. Sick! oh heavens forbid —— how does my deareſt Love?

Sir Pat. Me thinks I feel my ſelf not well o'th' ſuddain—ah—a kind of ſhivering ſeizes all my Limbs, —and am I ſo much chang'd.

Witt. All over Sir, as big again as you were, —

La. Fa. Your Face is Frightfully blown up, and your dear Eyes juſt ſtarting from your head, oh I ſhall ſound with the apprehenſion on't. [*falls into* Wittmore's *Armes.*

Sir Pat. My head and Eyes ſo big ſay you, —oh I am wonderous ſick o'th' ſuddain,—all over ſay you— oh oh — Ay I perceive it now, my Senſes fail me too.

La. Fa. How Sir, your Senſes fail you?

Witt. That's a very bad ſign, believe me.

Sir Pat. Oh Ay, for I can neither feel, nor ſee this mighty growth you ſpeak off. {*falls into a Chair with great ſignes of diſorder.*

Witt. Alas I'm ſorry for that Sir.

Rog. Sure 'tis impoſſible, I'll run and fetch a Glaſs Sir. [*Offers to goe.*

La. Fa. Oh ſtay, I wou'd not for the world he ſhould ſee what a Monſter he is, —and is like to be before to Morrow. [*Aſide.*

Rog. I'll fit him with a Glaſs— I'll warrant ye it ſhall advance our deſign.

Enter Maundy *with the Cloaths, ſhe ſtarts.*

Maun. Good Heav'n what ailes you Sir?

Sir Pat. Oh— oh—'tis ſo.

Maun. Lord how he's ſwoln? ſee how his Stomach ſtruts?

Sir Pat. Ah 'tis true, though I perceive it not.

Maun. Not perceive it Sir! put on your Cloaths and be convinc't—try 'em Sir. {*She pulls off his Gown and puts on his Doublet and Coat, which come not near by a handfull or more.*

Sir Pat. Ah it needs not, —mercy upon me— [*falls back.* I'me loſt, I'm gone, Oh man what art thou, but a Flower? I am Poyſon'd, this talking Ladies breath's infectious; methought I felt the contagion ſteal into my heart; ſend for my Phyſicians and if I die, I'le ſwear She's my Murtherer, oh ſee ſee, how my trembling increaſes, oh hold my Limbs, I die.——

Enter

Enter Roger *with a Magnifying Glaſs, ſhews him the Glaſs; he looks in it.*

Rog. I'le warant I'le ſhow his Face as big as a Buſhel. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Oh, oh, — I'me a dead man, have me to bed, I die away, undreſs me inſtantly, ſend for my Phyſicians, I'me Poyſon'd, my Bowels burn, I have within an *Ætna*, My Brains run round, Nature within me reels. {*They carry him out in a Chair.*

Witt. And all the drunken Univerſe does run on wheels. ha ha ha.

Ah my dear Creature, how finely thou haſt brought him to his journies end!

La. Fa. There was no other way but this to have ſecur'd my happineſs with thee, there needs no more then that you come anon to the Garden back-gate, where you ſhall find admittance, — Sir *Patient* is like to lie alone to night.

Witt. Till then 'twill be a Thouſand Ages.

La Fa. At Games of Love Husbands to cheat is fair,
'Tis the Gallant we play with on the ſquare. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene draws off and diſcovers Lady Knowell, Iſabella, Lucretia, Lodwick, Leander, Wittmore, *Sir* Credulous, *Other Men and Women, as going to Dance.*

La. Kno. COme one Dance more, and then I think we ſhall have ſufficiently teaz'd the Alderman, and 'twill be time to part. — Sir *Credulous*, where's your Miſtreſs?

Sir Cred. Within a mile of an Oak, dear Madam, I'le warrant you, —— well, I proteſt and vow, ſweet Lady, you dance moſt Nobly,

Nobly, — Why, you Dance — like — like a — like a Hasty Pudding before *Jove.* {*They Dance some Antick, or Rustick-Antick.* Lodwick *speaking to* Isabella.

SONG Made by a Gent.

SItting by yonder River Side
Parthenia *thus to* Cloe *cry'd,*
Whil'st from the fair Nymphs Eyes apace
Another Stream o'reflow'd her Beautious Face.
Ah happy Nymph, said she, that can
So little value that false Creature man.

Oft the perfidious things will cry,
Alass they burn, they bleed, they dye;
But if they're absent half a day,
Nay, let 'em be but one poor hour away,
No more they dye, no more complain,
But like unconstant wretches live again.

Lod. Well, have you consider'd of that business yet *Isabella?*

Isab. What business?

Lod. Of giving me admittance to night.

Isab. And may I trust your honesty?

Lod. Oh doubt me not, my Mother's resolv'd it shall be a match between you and I, and that very consideration will secure thee, besides who wou'd first sully the Linnen they mean to put on?

Isab. Away here's my Mother.

Enter Lady Fancy.

La. Fa. Madam I beg your pardon for my absence, the effects of my Obedience, not Will; but Sir *Patient* is taken very Ill o'th' suddain, and I must humbly intreat your Ladiship to retire, for rest is onely essential to his recovery.

La. Kno. Congruously spoken upon my Honour. Oh the impudence of this Fellow your Ladyships Husband, to espouse so fair a person only to make a Nurse of!

La. Fa. Alas Madam!——

La. Kn.

La. Kno. A ſlave, a very houſhold Drudg, —— Oh faugh, come, never grieve, —— for Madam, his Diſeaſe is nothing but imagination, a Melancholy which ariſes from the Liver, Spleen, and Membrane call'd *Meſenterium*, the *Arabians* name the diſtemper *Myrathial*, and we here in *England Hypochondriacal Melancholy*; I cou'd preſcribe a moſt potent Remedy, but that I am loth to ſtir the envy of the College.

La. Fa. Really Madam I believe, —

La. Kn. But as you ſay Madam, we'l leave him to his repoſe, pray do not grieve too much.

Lod. Death, wou'd I had the conſoleing her, 'tis a charming Woman!

La. Kno. Mr. *Fancy* your hand; Madam your moſt faithful Servant, — *Lucretia*, come *Lucretia* — your Servant Ladies and Gentlemen. ——

La. Fa. A Devil on her, wou'd the nimbleneſs of her Ladyſhips Tongue were in her Heels, ſhe wou'd make more haſt away, oh I long for the bleſt minute. ——

Lod. Iſabella, ſhall I find admittance anon?

Iſab. On fair conditions.

Lod. Truſt my Generoſity, —— Madam your Slave. —[*Exit.*

[*To* La. Fa. *gazing on her, goes out.*

Sir Cred. Madam, I wou'd ſay ſomething of your Charms and Celeſtial Graces, but that all praiſes are as far below you, as the Moon in her Oppoſition is below the Sun, ——and ſo Luſcious Lady, I am yours, — now for my Serenade, — {*Exeunt all but* La. Fa. *and* Maundy.

La. Fa. Maundy, have you commanded all the Servants to Bed?

Maun. Yes Madam, not a Mouſe ſhall ſtir, and I have made ready the Chamber next the Garden for your Ladyſhip.

La. Fa. Then there needs no more but that you wait for *Wittmore*'s coming to the Garden Gate, and take care no lights be in the Houſe for fear of Eyes.

Maun. Madam I underſtand Lovers are beſt by dark, and ſhall be diligent, the Doctor has ſecur'd Sir *Patient* by a ſleeping Pill, and you are onely to expect your approaching happineſs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Lady* Knowell's *Chamber.*

Enter Lady Knowell *and* Leander.

La. Kn. Leander raiſe your Soul above that little trifle *Lucretia*, — cannot you gueſs what better Fate attends you? — fie, — how dull you are! — muſt I inſtruct you in plain right-down termes? — and tell you — that I propoſe you Maſter of my fortune? — now poſſibly you underſtand me.

Enter Lucretia, *and peeps.*

Lean. I wiſh I did not Madam,
Unleſs I'de vertue to deſerve the Bounty;
I have a Thouſand faults Diſſimulation hides,
Inconſtant, wild, debauch'd as youth can make me.

Lucr. All that will not do your buſineſs.—— [*Aſide.*

La. Kn. Yet you wou'd have my Daughter take you with all theſe faults, they're vertues there, but to the name of Mother, they all turn retrograde, I can endure a man
As wild and as inconſtant as ſhe can,
I have a Fortune too that can ſupport that Humour,
That of *Lucretia* does depend on me,
And when I pleaſe is nothing;
I'me far from Age or Wrinkles, can be Courted
By Men as gay and youthful as a new Summer's morn,
Beauteous as the firſt Bloſſoms of the Spring
Before the common Sun has kiſs'd their ſweets away,
If with ſalacious appetites I lov'd,

Lean. Faith Madam I cou'd wiſh,——

La. Kn. That I were but Fifteen? but—
If there be inequality in years,
There is ſo too in Fortunes, that might add
A Luſtre to my Eyes, Charms to my Perſon,
And make me fair as *Venus*, young as *Hebe.*

Lean. Madam you have enough to ingage any unconquer'd heart, but 'twas, I thought, with your allowance I diſpos'd of mine, and 'tis a heart that knows not how to change.

La. Kn. Then 'tis a fooliſh unambitious heart, unworthy of the Elevation it has not Glorious Pride enough to aim at:—

Farewel

Farewell Sir, ——— when you are wiſer, you may find admittance. [*Goes out.*

Lean. Stay Madam. ——

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. For what? to hear your Penitence? Forgive me Madam. I will be a Villain, forget my vows of Love, made to *Lucretia*, And Sacrifice both her, and thoſe to intereſt.
Oh how I hate this whining and diſſembling!

Lean. Do, Triumph o're a wretched man, *Lucretia.*

Lucr. How! Wretched in loving me ſo intirely, or that you cannot marry my Mother, and be maſter of her mighty Fortune? Tis a temptation indeed, ſo between Love and Intereſt, hang me if ever I ſaw ſo ſimple a look as you put on when my Mother made Love to you.

Lean. You may eaſily gueſs the confuſion of a man in my circumſtances, to be languiſhing for the lov'd Daughter, and purſu'd by the hated Mother, whom if I refuſe will ruin all my hopes of thee.

Lucr. Refuſe her! I hope you have more wit?

Leand. Lucretia, cou'd ſhe make a Monarch of me, I cou'd not marry her.

Lucr. And you wou'd be ſo wiſe to tell her ſo?

Lean. I would no more abuſe her, than I cou'd love her.

Lucr. Yet that laſt muſt be done.

Lean. How!

Lucr. Doſt believe me ſo wicked to think I mean in earneſt? No, tell her me a fine ſtory of Love, and liking, gaze on her, kiſs her hands, and ſigh, commend her face and ſhape, ſwear ſhe's the miracle of the Age for wit, cry up her Learning, vow you were an Aſs, not to be ſenſible of her perfections all this while, what a Coxcombe, to doat upon the Daughter when ſuch charms were ſo viſible in the Mother? Faith ſhe'l believe all this.

Lean. It may be ſo, but what will all this ſerve for?

Lucr. To give us time and opportunity to deceive her, or I'me miſtaken.

Lean. I cannot teach my Tongue ſo much deceit.

Lucr. You may be a fool and cry, Indeed forſooth I cannot love, for alas I have loſt my heart, and am unworthy of your proffer'd bleſſings, —— doe, and ſee her marry me in ſpight to this

Fop *Eaſy*, this Knight of Nonſence; no, no, diſſemble me handſomely and like a Gentleman, and then expect your good fortune.

Enter Antick.

Ant. Madam, your Mother's coming.

Lucr. Away then, ſhe muſt not ſee us together, ſhe thinks you gon.

Lean. But muſt I carry off no comfort with me?

Lucr. Will you expoſe me to the incens'd jealouſy of a Parent? goe or I ſhall hate ye,— [*Thruſts him out.*

SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Maundy *by dark: opens the Garden door.*

Maun. Now am I return'd to my old trade again, fetch and carry my Ladies Lovers, I was afraid when ſhe had been married theſe night-works wou'd have ended, but to ſay truth, there's a Conſcience to be uſed in all things, and there's no reaſon ſhe ſhou'd languiſh with an old man when a young man may be had. ——— The door opens, he's come, — [*Enter* Lodwick. I ſee you're a punctual Lover Sir, Pray follow me as ſoftly as you can.

Lod. This is ſome one whom I perceive *Iſabella* has made the Confident to our Amours. — [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws off, and diſcovers La. Fancy *in her Night-gown, in a Chamber as by the dark.*

La. Fa. Oh the agreeable confuſion of a Lover high with expectation of the approaching bliſs! What tremblings between joy and fear poſſeſs me? All my whole Soul is taken up with *Wittmore*, I've no Idea's, no thoughts but of *Wittmore*, and ſure my tongue can ſpeak no other language, but his name.—— Who's there?

Enter

Enter Maundy *leading* Lodwick.

Maun. Madam, 'tis I, and your expected Lover here — I put him into your hands, and will wait your commands in the next Chamber. [*Ex.* Maund.

Lod. Where are you my deareſt Creature?

La. Fa. Here, — give me your hand, I'le lead you to thoſe joys we both ſo long have fight for.

Lod. Hah! to joys? ſure ſhe doth but dally with me,— [*Aſide.*

La. Fa. Why come you not on my Dear?

Lod. And yet, why this admiſſion? and i'th' dark too, if ſhe deſign'd me none but vertuous Favours? —— What damn'd temptation's this?

La. Fa. Are you bewitch'd, what is't that frights you?

Lod. I me fixt, Death, was ever ſuch a Lover?
Juſt ready for the higheſt joys of Love,
And like a baſhfull Girl reſtrain'd by fear
Of an inſuing Infamy, — I hate to Cuckold my own Expectations.

La. Fa. Heavens! what can you mean?

Lod. Death, what's this, — ſure 'tis not Vertue in me, — Pray Heaven it be not impotence! — Where got I this damn'd honeſty which I never found my ſelf maſter of till now? —— why ſhou'd it ſeize me when I had leaſt need on't?

La. Fa. What ails you? are you mad? —— we are ſafe, and free as Winds let looſe to ruffle all the Groves, what is't delays you then? Soft.

Lod. Pox o' this thought of Wife, the very name deſtroys my appetite,
Oh with what vigor I could deal my Love
To ſome fair lewd, unknown,
To whom I'de never made a ſerious vow?

La. Fa. Tell me the Myſtery of this ſudden coldneſs? have I kept my Husband in Town for this? Nay, perſwaded him to be very ſick to ſerve our purpoſe, and am I thus rewarded! — ungrateful man!

Lod. Hah, — 'tis not *Iſabella*'s voice, —— your Husband ſay you? — [*Takes hold greedily of her hand.*

La. Fa. Is ſafe, from any fear of interrupting us.
Come —— theſe delays do ill conſiſt with Love
And our deſires; at leaſt if they are equal.
Lod. Death 'tis the charming Mother!
What lucky Star directed me to night!
O my fair dear diſſembler, let us haſte
To pay the mighty Tribute due to Love.
La. Fa. Follow me then with careful ſilence, —— for *Iſabella's* Chamber joyns to this, and ſhe may hear us.
Lod. Not Flowers grow, nor ſmooth ſtreams glide away,
Not abſent Lovers ſigh, nor breaks the day
More ſilently than I'le thoſe joys receive,
Which Love and Darkneſs do conſpire to give. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes again to a Garden. Enter Iſabella *and* Fanny *in their Night-gowns.*

Iſab. Well I have no mind to let this dear mad Devil *Lodwick* in to night.
Fan. Why Siſter, this is not the firſt venture you have made of this kind, at this hour, and in this place, theſe Arbours were they tell-tales, cou'd diſcover many pretty ſtories of your loves, and do you think they'l be leſs faithfull now? Pray truſt 'em once again. Oh I do ſo love to hear Mr. *Lodwick* proteſt, and vow, and ſwear, and diſſemble, and when you don't believe him, rail at you,—— a vads 'tis the prettieſt man ——
Iſab. I have a ſtrange apprehenſion of being ſurpris'd to night.
Fan. I'le warant you, I'le ſit on yon' Bank of Pinks, and when I hear a noiſe I'le come and tell you, ſo *Lodwick* may ſlip out at the back gate, and we may be walking up and down as if we meant no harm.
Iſab. You'l grow very expert in the arts of Love *Fanny*?
Fan. When I am big enough I ſhall do my endeavour, for I have heard you ſay, Women were born to no other end than to love: And 'tis fit I ſhould learn to live and die in my calling, —— Come open the Gate or you'l repent it, we ſhall have my Father marry you within a day or two to that ugly man that ſpeaks hard words. ——a vads I can't abide him.
Iſab. What noiſe is that?
Fan. Why 'tis Mr. *Lodwick* at the Garden door,—— let him in

in whilſt I'le to my Flowery Bank and ſtand Centinel.—
[*Runs off.* Iſabella *opens the Gate.*

Enter Wittmore.

Witt. Who's there?

Iſab. Speak low, who ſhould it be but the kind fool her ſelf who can deny you nothing, but what you dare not take?

Witt. Not take! what's that? haſt thou reſerves in ſtore?
—Oh come and let me lead thee to thy Bed,
Or ſeat thee on ſome Bank of ſofter Flowers,
Where I may rifle all thy unknown ſtore.

Iſab. How! ſurely you're not in earneſt? —Do you love me?

Witt. Love thee! by thy dear ſelf all that my Soul adores,
I'me all impatient Flame! all over Love!
—You do not uſe to doubt, but ſince you doe,
Come, and I'le ſatisfy thy obliging fears,
And give thee proofs how much my Soul is thine,
I'le breath it all a-new into thy boſom, —
Oh thou art fit for the tranſporting Play,
All looſe and wanton, like the Queen of Love
When ſhe deſcends to meet the Youth in ſhades.

Iſab. And are you Sir in earneſt? can it be?

Witt. That queſtion was ſevere, what means my Love!
What pretty art is this to blow my flame,
Are you not mine? did we not meet t'injoy?
I came not with more vigorous eager haſt,
When our firſt Sacrifice to Love we paid,
Than to perform that Ceremony now.
Come do not let the Sacred Fire burn out
Which only was prepar'd for Love's rich Altar,
And this is the Divine, dark, ſilent Minute. — [*Goes to lead her off.*

Iſab. Hold Raviſher, and know this ſawcy Paſſion
Has render'd back your intereſt. Now I hate ye,
And my Obedience to my Father's will
Shall marry me to *Fain-love*, and I'le deſpiſe ye. [*Flings from him.*

Witt. Hah! *Iſabella!* Death I have made ſweet work,—ſtay gentle maid, —ſhe'l ruin all if ſhe goe —— ſtay —— ſhe knew me, and cunningly drew me to this diſcovery; I'le after her and undeceive her. [*Runs after her.*

A confus'd Noiſe of the Serenade, the Scene draws off to La. Fancy's *Antichamber.*

Enter Iſabella *groping as in the dark.*

Iſab. Pray Heaven I get undiſcover'd to my Chamber, where I'le make Vows againſt this perjur'd Man; hah, ſure he follows ſtill; no Wood Nymph ever fled before a Satyr, with half that trembling haſte I flew from *Lodwick*, ——oh he has loſt his Vertue and undone me. [*Goes out groping, and the noiſe of Serenade again.*

Scene changes to Lady Fancy's *Bed-chamber, diſcovers her as before;* Lodwick *as juſt riſen in diſorder from the Bed: buttoning himſelf and ſetting himſelf in order; and noiſe at the door of unlatching it.*

Enter Iſabella *groping*, *Sir* Patient *without.*

La. Fa. It is this Door that open'd, and which I thought I had ſecur'd.

Sir Pat. Oh inſupportable, abominable, and not to be indur'd!

Iſab. Hah my Father! I'me diſcover'd and purſu'd, ——grant me to find the Bed.

La. Fa. Heav'ns 'twas my Huſbands Voice, ſure we're betray'd. It muſt be ſo, for what Devil but that of Jealouſy, cou'd raiſe him at this late hour?

Iſab. Hah, where am I, and who is't that ſpeaks. —— [*To her ſelf.*

Lod. So, he muſt know that I have made a Cuckold of him. [*Aſide.*

S.P. Within, call up my men, the Coachman, Groom, and Butler; the Footmen, Cook and Gardener, bid 'em all riſe and Arm, with long Staff, Spade and Pitchfork, and ſally out upon the wicked.

Lod. Short! what a death ſhall I dye, ——is there no place of ſafety hereabouts——for there is no reſiſting theſe unmerciful Weapons.

Iſab. A mans Voice!

La. Fa. I know of none, nor how to prevent your diſcovery.

Enter

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir Pat. Oh oh lead me forward, I'le lye here on the Garden ſide, out of the hearing of this Helliſh Noiſe.

La. Fa. Hah Noiſe —what means he?

Lod. Nay I know not, is there no eſcaping? —

Iſab. Who can they be that talk thus? ſure I have miſtook my chamber.

La. Fa. Oh he's coming in—I'me ruin'd, what ſhall we doe? here—get into the Bed—and cover your ſelf with the clothes—quickly —oh my Confuſion will betray me.

{Lodwick *gets into the Bed*, Iſabella *hides behind the Curtain very near to him.*

Enter Sir Patient *led by* Nurſe *and* Maundy *with Lights.*

Maun. Pray go back Sir, my poor Lady will be frighted out of her wits at this danger you put your ſelf into, the noiſe ſhall be ſtill'd.

La. Fa. Oh what's the matter with my Love, what, do you mean to murder him? oh lead him inſtantly back to his Bed.

Sir Pat. Oh oh, no, I'le lye here —put me to Bed, oh I faint, —my Chamber's poſſeſt with twenty thouſand evil Spirits.

La. Fa. Poſſeſt! what ſickly Fancy's this?

Sir Pat. Ah the houſe is beſet, ſurrounded and confounded with profane tinkling, with Popiſh Horn-Pipes and Jeſuitical Cymballs, more Antichriſtian and Abominable then Organs, or Anthems.

Nurſ. Yea verily, and ſurely it is the ſpawn of Cathedrall Inſtruments plaid on by Babyloniſh Minſtrells, only to diſturb the Brethren.

Sir Pat. Aye 'tis ſo, call up my Servants, and let them be firſt chaſtis'd and then hang'd, accuſe 'em for French Papiſhes, that had a deſign to fire the City, or any thing—oh I ſhall dye—lead me gently to this Bed.

La. Fa. To hinder him will diſcover all —— ſtay Sir.—

Sir Pat. Hah my Lady turn'd rebellious! {*Throws himſelf forward to the Bed.*
—put me to Bed I ſay, hah—what's here— what art thou—a Man— hah, a Man, Treaſon! betray'd! my Bed's defil'd, my Lady Polluted, and I am Cornuted, oh thou Vile Serpent of my Boſome! {*She ſtands with her Face towards the Stage in ſignes of fear.*

Iſab.

Iſab. A Man, and in my Vertuous Lady Mothers Chamber! how fortunate was I to light on this diſcovery!

La. Fa. Well, Sir, —— ſince you have ſeen him, I beſeech you for my ſake, Dear, Pardon him this one time. [*Cokeſing him.*

Sir Pat. Thou beg his Pardon? oh was ever heard ſuch Impudence!

La. Fa. Indeed my Love, he is to blame, but we that are judicious ſhould bear with the frailties of Youth.

Sir Pat. Oh inſupportable Audacity! —what canſt thou ſay falſe Woman?

La. Fa. Truly not much in his defence my dear.

Iſab. Oh cunning Devil.——

La. Fa. But Sir, to hide the weakneſs of your Daughter, I have a little ſtrain'd my Modeſty.——

Iſab. Heav'ns! what ſays ſhe?——

La. Fa. 'Tis *Iſabella*'s Lover Sir, whom I've conceal'd.

Lod. A good hint to ſave both our Credits.

Sir Pat. How Mr. *Fain-love* mean you?

{Lodwick *riſes and comes a little more forward,* Iſabella *does the like till both meet at the feet of the Bed and ſtart,* Lodwick *looking ſimply.*

La. Fa. Aye my dear, Mr. *Fain-love.*

Lod. Iſabella here! muſt ſhe know too what a fine inconſtant Dog I am? ——

Iſab. Lodwick! and in my Mothers Chamber! may I believe my Eyes?

Sir Pat. But how got he hither — tell me that! oh Youth, Youth, to what degree of wickedneſs art thou arriv'd?

La. Fa. She appointed him to come this night Sir, and he going to her Chamber, by miſtake came into mine, it being the next to her's.

Maun. But Lord Sir, had you heard how my Lady ſchool'd him, whilſt I ran down to fetch a light!

Lod. Now does my Conſcience tell me, I am a damn'd Villain.—— [*Aſide, looking pitifully on* Iſabella.

La. Fa. But the poor Man preſently perceiv'd his miſtake, and beg'd my Pardon in ſuch feeling termes —that I vow I had not the heart to deny it him.

Iſab. Oh Traytor! wou'd thou hadſt been that Raviſher I took thee for, rather then ſuch a Villain — falſe! and with my Mother too!

La. Fa.

La. Fa. And juſt then Sir you came to the door, and leſt you ſhou'd ſee him, intreated me to hide him from your Anger, —the offence is not ſo hainous Sir, conſidering he's ſo ſoon to marry her.

Sir Pat. —Well Sir, and what have you to ſay in your defence? —hah—how Mr. *Knowell!*— worſe and worſe —why how came you hither Sir? hah,—

La. Fa. Not *Wittmore*! oh I am ruin'd and betray'd. [*falls almoſt in a ſound.*

Sir Pat. Hah, *Iſabella* here too!—

Iſab. Yes Sir, to juſtify her Innocence.———

Sir Pat. Hah! Innocence! and juſtify! take her away, go out of my ſight thou limb of Satan, — take her away I ſay, I'le talk with you to morrow, Lady fine tricks—I will.———

Iſab. —And I'le know before I ſleep the myſtery of all this, and who 'twas this faithleſs Man ſent in his room to deceive me in the Garden.— [*Goes out.*

Lod. A plague of all ill-luck—how the Devil came ſhe hither? I muſt follow and reconcile her.— {*Going out, Sir* Patient *ſtays him.*

Sir Pat. Nay Sir, we muſt not part ſo till I have known the truth of this buſineſs I take it.

Lod. Truth Sir, oh all that your fair Lady has ſaid, Sir, I muſt confeſs, her Eyes have wounded me enough with Anger, you need not add more to my ſhame. ——

La. Fa. Some little comfort yet that he prov'd indeed to be *Iſabella*'s Lover: oh that I ſhould miſtake ſo unluckily! [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Why, I thought it had been Mr. *Fain-love.*

La. Fa. By all that's good, and ſo did I.

Lod. I know you did Madam or you had not been ſo kind to me: your ſervant dear Madam, —— {*Going, Sir* Patient *ſtays him.*

La. Fa. Pray Sir let him goe, oh how I abominate the ſight of a man that cou'd be ſo wicked as he has been!

Sir Pat. Ha, —good Lady, excellent woman, well Sir for my Ladies ſake I'le let you paſs with this, but if I catch you here again, I ſhall ſpoil your intrigues, Sir, marry ſhall I, and ſo reſt ye ſatisfy'd Sir.—

Lod. At this time, I am Sir ——Madam a thouſand bleſſings on you for this goodneſs. ——

La. Fa. Ten thouſand Curſes upon thee, ——go boaſt the ruine you have made. [*Aſide to* Lod.

Sir Pat. Come, no more anger now my Lady; the Gentleman's ſorry you ſee, I'le marry my pert Huſwife to morrow for this, —*Maundy* ſee the Gentleman ſafe out, — ah —— put me to Bed, ah—this nights work will kill me, ah, ah ——

Ex. Lodwick *and* Maundy. *The Scene draws over Sir* Patient *and Lady: draws again and diſcovers the Garden,* Wittmore, Fanny *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. How, Mr. *Fain-love*? it cannot be.——

Fan. Indeed Siſter 'tis the ſame for all he talks ſo, and he told me his coming was but to try your vertue only.

Enter Lodwick *and* Maundy *as paſſing over, but ſtand.*

Iſab. That *Fain-love* whom I am ſo ſoon to marry! and but this day courted me in another Dialect!

Witt. That was my Policy Madam, to paſs upon your Father with. But I'me a Man that knows the value of the Fair, and ſaw charms of Beauty and of wit in you, that taught me to know the way to your heart was to appear my ſelf, which now I doe. Why did you leave me ſo unkindly but now?

Lod. Hah, what's this? whilſt I was grafting horns on another's head, ſome kind friend was doing that good office for me.

Maun. Sure 'tis *Wittmore!* —oh that diſſembler——this was his Plot upon my Lady, to gain time with *Iſabella.* [*Aſide.*

Witt. And being ſo near my happineſs, can you blame me, if I made a tryall whether your Virtue were agreable to your Beauty, great, and to be equally ador'd?

Lod. Death, I've heard enough to forfeit all my patience—— Draw Sir and make a tryall of your Courage too.——

Witt. Hah! what deſperate fool art thou? [*draws.*

Lod. One that will ſee thee fairly damn'd e're yield his Intereſt up in *Iſabella* ——oh thou falſe Woman!

[*They fight out,* Iſabella *and* Maundy *run off.*

Scene

Scene changes to the long Street, a Pageant of an Elephant *coming from the farther end with Sir* Credulous *on it, and ſeveral others playing on ſtrange confuſed Inſtruments.*

Sir Cred. This ſure is extraordinary, or the Devil's in't, and I'le ne're truſt Serenade more. [*Come forward and all play again.* —hold, hold, now for the Song, which becauſe I wou'd have moſt Deliciouſly and Melodiouſly ſung, I'le ſing my ſelf: look ye,— hum —hum.——

Sir *Credulous* ſhould have Sung.

THou grief of my heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,
D'on on Flannel Peticoat quickly, and riſe:
And from thy reſplendent window diſcover
A face that wou'd mortify any young Lover:
For I like great Jove *Transformed do wooe,*
And am Amorous Owl, To wit to woo, to wit to woo.

A Lover Ads Zoz is a ſort of a tool
That of all things you heſt may compare to an Owl:
For in ſome dark ſhades he delights ſtill to ſit,
And all the night long he cries Wo to wit.
Then riſe my bright Cloris *and d'on on ſlip-ſhoe:*
And hear thy Amorous Owl chant, Wit to woo, wit to woo.

—Well, this won't do, for I perceive no Window open, nor Lady-bright appear, to talk obligingly, —— perhaps the Song does not pleaſe her, you Ballad-ſingers, have you no good Songs of another faſhion?

1. *Man.* Yes Sir, ſeveral, *Robin,* ——— *Hark how the Waters fall, fall, fall,* &c.

Sir Cred. How Man! Zoz, remove us farther off, for fear of wetting.

1. *Man.* No no, Sir, I only gave my fellow a hint of an excellent Ballad that begins —— *Ill wedded joys how quickly do you fade.* [*Sings.*

Sir Cred. Aye, aye that, we'l have that, — *Ill wedded joys how quickly do you fade,* — [*Sings*] That's excellent! Oh now the Win-

Windows open, now, now ſhow your capering tricks. [*Valting.*

[*They all play again.*

Enter a company of fellows as out of Sir Patient's *Houſe, led on by a preciſe Clerk, all armed with odd weapons.*

Abel. Verily, verily, here be theſe Babes of Perdition, theſe Children of Iniquity.

Rog. A pox of your Babes and Children, they are men and Sons of Whores whom we muſt bang confoundedly, for not letting honeſt godly People reſt quietly in their Beds at Midnight.

Sir Cred. Who's there?

Rog. There with a Pox to you, cannot a Right-worſhipful Knight that has been ſick theſe Twenty Years with taking Phyſick, ſleep quietly in his own Houſe for you, and muſt we be rais'd out of our Beds to quiet your Hell-pipes in the Devil's name?

Abel. Down with *Gog* and *Magog*, there, there's the rotten Bell-wether that leads the reſt aſtray, and defiles the whole flock.

Rog. Hang your Preaching and let's come to him, we'l maule him. [*Beat Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. Oh Quarter Quarter, Murther, help, Murther, Murther.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Damn theſe Raſcalls who e're they were, that ſo unluckily redeem'd a Rival from my fury, — Hah, they are here, — Egad I'le have one touch more with 'em, — the dogs are ſpoiling my deſign'd Serenade too — have amongſt ye, Sir *Credulous* how is't? } *Fights and beats 'em off.*

Sir Cred. Who's there, *Lodwick!* Oh dear Lad, is't thou that haſt redeem'd me from the inchanted Cudgels that demoliſh'd my triumphant Pageant, and confounded my Serenade? Zoz, I'me half kill'd man, ——— I have never a whole Bone about me ſure.

Lod. Come in with me —— a plague upon the Raſcal that eſcap't me. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Lady* Knowel's *House.*

Enter Lucretia *followed by Sir* Credulous.

Lucr. MArry'd to morrow! and leave my Mother the poſſeſſion of *Leander*? I'le die a thouſand Deaths firſt,— How the Fool haunts me! [*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. Nay delicious Lady, you may ſay your Pleaſure, but I will juſtify the Serenade to be as high a piece of Gallantry as was ever practiſed in our Age, tho' not comparable to your Charms and Celeſtial Graces, which ſhou'd I praiſe as I ought, 'twou'd require more time than the Sun employs in his Natural motion between the Tropicks; that is to ſay a whole Year, (for by the way, I am no *Copernican*) for, Dear Madam, you muſt know my Rhetorick Maſter, —— I ſay my Rhetorick Maſter who was ———

Lucr. As great a Coxcombe as your ſelf, — pray leave me I am ſerious, —I muſt go ſeek out *Lodwick.*

Sir Cred. Leave ye! I thank you for that I'faith, before I have ſpoke out my ſpeech, therefore I ſay Divine Lady — becauſe my Rhetorick Maſter commanded the frequent uſe of *Hypallages*, *Allegories*, and the richeſt Figures of that beauteous Art, — becauſe my Rhetorick,———

Lucr. I muſt leave the Fool, follow if you dare, for I have no leaſure to attend your nonſenſe. [*Goes out.*

Enter Lady Knowell.

La. Kno. What, alone Sir *Credulous*? I left you with *Lucretia.*

Sir Cred. Lucretia! I'me ſure ſhe makes a very *Tarquinius Sextus* of me, and all about this Serenade,— I proteſt and vow, incomparable Lady, I had begun the ſweeteſt Speech to her — tho' I ſay't, ſuch Flowers of Rhetorick — 'twou'd have been the very Noſegay of Eloquence, ſo it wou'd; and like an ungratefull illiterate Woman as ſhe is, ſhe left me in the very middle on't, ſo ſnuffy I'le warrant.

La. Kn. Be not diſcourag'd Sir, I'le adapt her to a reconciliation, Lovers muſt ſometimes expect theſe little *Belli-fugaces*, the *Grecians* therefore truly named Love *Glucupicros Eros.*

Sir Cred. Nay bright Lady, I am as little diſcourag'd as another, but I'me ſorry I gave ſo extraordinary a Serenade to ſo little purpoſe.

La. Kn. Name it no more, 'twas onely a Gallantry miſtaken, but I'le accelerate your felicity, and to morrow ſhall conclude the great diſpute, ſince there is ſuch Volubility and Viciſſitude in Mundan affairs. —— [*Goes out.*

Enter Lodwick, *ſtays Sir* Credulous *as he is going out the other way.*

Lod. Sir *Credulous*, whither away ſo faſt?

Sir Cred. Zoz, what a Queſtion's there, doſt not know I am to untie the Virgin Zone to morrow, that is, barter Maiden-heads with thy Siſter, that is, to be Married to her man, and I muſt to *Lincolns-Inne* to my Counſel about it.

Lod. My Siſter juſt now told me of it, but Sir, you muſt not ſtir.

Sir Cred. Why what's the matter?

Lod. Have you made your Will?

Sir Cred. My Will! no, why my Will man?

Lod. Then for the good of your Friends and Poſterity ſtir not from this place.

Sir Cred. Good Lord, *Lodwick*, thou art the ſtrangeſt Man, —— what do ye mean to fright a body thus?

Lod. You remember the Serenade laſt night?

Sir Cred. Remember it! Zoz I think I do, here be the marks on't ſure. —— { *Pulls off his Peruke and*

Lod. Ads me, your head's broke. { *ſhews his head broke.*

Sir Cred. My head broke! why 'twas a hundred to one but my neck had been broke.

Lod. Faith not unlikely, —— you know the next Houſe is Sir *Patient Fancy's*; *Iſabella* too you know is his Daughter.

Sir Cred. Yes, yes ſhe was by, when I made my dumb Oration.

Lod. The ſame, —— this Lady has a Lover, a mad, furious, fighting killing Hector, (as you know there are enough about this Town) this Monſieur ſuppoſing you to be a Rival, and that your Serenade was addreſt to her——

Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. Enough, I underſtand you, ſet thoſe Rogues on to murder me.

Lod. Wou'd 'twere no worſe.

Sir Cred. Worſe! Zoz man, what the Devil can be worſe?

Lod. Why he has vow'd to kill you himſelf where-ever he meets you, and now waits below to that purpoſe.

Sir Cred. Sha, ſha, if that be all I'le to him immediately, and make *Affidavit* I never had any ſuch deſign. Madam *Iſabella*? ha, ha, alas poor man, I have ſome body elſe to think on.

Lod. Affidavit! why he'l not believe you, ſhould you ſwear your heart out, ſome body has poſſeſt him that you are a damn'd Fool, and a moſt egregious Coward, a fellow that to ſave your life, will ſwear any thing.

Sir Cred. What curſed luck's this! —— why how came he to know I liv'd here?

Lod. I believe he might have it from *Leander* who is his friend.

Sir Cred. Leander, I muſt confeſs I never lik'd that *Leander*, ſince yeſterday.

Lod. He has deceiv'd us all that's the truth on't, for I have lately found out too, that he's your Rival, and has a kind of a ——

Sir Cred. Smattering to my Miſtreſs, hah, and therefore wou'd not be wanting to give me a lift out of this world, but I ſhall give him ſuch a go-by —— my Lady *Knowell* underſtands the difference between Three thouſand a year and —— prethee what's his Eſtate?

Lod. Shaw —— not ſufficient to pay Surgeons Bills.

Sir Cred. Alas poor Ratt, how does he live then?

Lod. Hang him, the Ladies keep him, 'tis a good handſom fellow and has a pretty Town Wit.

Sir Cred. He a Wit! what, I'le warrant he writes *Lampoons*, rails at Plays, curſes all Poetry but his own, and mimicks the Players —— ha,

Lod. Some ſuch common Notions he has that deceive the Ignorant Rabble, amongſt whom he paſſes for a very ſmart Fellow, —'slife he's here.

Enter Leander.

Sir Cred. Why —— what ſhall I doe, he will not affront me before company? hah!

Lod.

Lod. Not in our houſe Sir, —bear up and take no notice on't.
[Lod. *whiſpers* Lean.

Sir Cred. No notice, quoth he? why my very fears will betray me.

Lean. Let me alone,—*Lodwick*, I met juſt now with an *Italian* Merchant, who has made me ſuch a Preſent!

Lod. What is't prethee?

Lean. A ſort of ſpecifick Poyſon for all the Senſes, eſpecially for that of ſmelling, ſo that had I a Rival, and I ſhou'd ſee him at any reaſonable diſtance, I cou'd direct a little of this Scent up to his Brain ſo ſubtlely, that it ſhall not fail of Execution in a day or two.

Sir Cred. How—Poyſon! { *Shewing great ſignes of fear, and holding his Noſe.*

Lean. Nay ſhould I ſee him in the midſt of a thouſand People, I can ſo direct it that it ſhall aſſault my Enemies Noſtrils only, without any effects on the reſt of the Company.

Sir Cred. Oh— I'me a dead man!

Lod. Is't poſſible?

Lean. Perhaps ſome little ſneezing or ſo, no harm; but my Enemy's a dead man Sir, kill'd.

Sir Cred. Why, this is the moſt damnable *Italian* trick I ever heard of; why this outdoes the famous Poyſoner Madam *Brenvilliers*, well, here's no jeſting I perceive that, *Lodwick*.

Lod. Fear nothing, I'le ſecure you. [*Aſide to him.*

Enter Wittmore.

—*Wittmore!* how is't friend! thou looke'ſt cloudy.

Witt. You'le hardly blame me Gentlemen, when you ſhall know what a Damn'd unfortunate Raſcal I am.

Lod. Prethee what's the matter?

Witt. — Why I am to be Marry'd Gentlemen, Marry'd to Day.

Lod. How, Marry'd! nay Gad then thou'ſt reaſon, —but to whom prethee?

Witt. There's the Devil on't again, to a fine young, fair, briſk Woman that has all the temptations Heaven can give her.

Lod. What pity 'tis they ſhou'd be beſtow'd to ſo wicked an end! Is this your intrigue that has been ſo long conceal'd from your Friends?

Lean.

Leand. We thought 't had been ſome kind Amour, ſomething of Love and Honour.

Lod. Is ſhe Rich? if ſhe be wonderous Rich, we'le excuſe thee.

Witt. Her Fortune will be ſutable to the Joynture I ſhall make her.

Lod. Nay then 'tis like to prove a hopefull Match, —what a Pox can provoke thee to this, doſt love her?

Witt. No there's another Plague, I am curſedly in love elſewhere, and this was but a falſe addreſs to hide that reall one.

Lod. How, love another? in what quality, and manner?

Witt. As a man ought to Love, with a good ſubſtantiall Paſſion, without any deſign but that of right-down honeſt Injoyment.

Lod. Aye, now we underſtand thee, this is ſomething! ah friend! I had ſuch an adventure laſt night! —— you may talk of you intrigues and ſubſtantiall Pleaſures, but if any of you can match mine, -- Egad I'le forſwear womankind.

Lean. An adventure! prethee where?

Sir Cred. What, laſt night, when you reſcu'd me from the Bill-bo-blades? indeed ye lookt a little furiouſly.

Lod. I had reaſon, I was juſt then come out of a Garden from fighting with a man whom I found with my Miſtreſs, and I had at leaſt known who't had been but for the coming of thoſe Raſcalls that ſet on you, who parted us, whilſt he made his eſcape in the crowd.

Witt. Death! that was I, who for fear of being known got away, was't he then that I fought with, and whom I learnt lov'd *Iſabella!* [*Aſide.*

Lod. You muſt know Gentlemen, I have a ſort of a Matrimoniall kindneſs for a very pretty woman, ſhe whom I tell you I diſturb'd in the Garden, and laſt night ſhe made me an aſſignation in her Chamber: when I came to the garden Door by which I was to have admittance, I found a kind of Neceſſary call'd a Bawdy waiting-woman, whom I follow'd, and thought ſhe wou'd have conducted me to the right woman; but I was luckily and in the dark led into a Ladies Chamber, who took me for a Lover ſhe expected, — I found my happy miſtake, and wou'd not undeceive her.

Witt. This cou'd be none but *Lucia.* [*Aſide.*

——Well Sir, and what did you do there?

Lod. Doe? why what dost think? all that a man inspir'd by Love cou'd doe, I followed all the Dictates of Nature, Youth and Vigor.

Witt. Oh hold my heart—or I shall kill the Traytor. [*Aside.*

Sir Cred. Follow'd all the Dictates of Nature, Youth, and Vigour? prethee what's that?

Lod. I kist a thousand times her balmy Lips, and greedily took in the nimble Sighs she breath'd into my Soul!

Witt. Oh I can scarce contain my self. [*Aside.*

Sir Cred. Pshaw, is that all man?

Lod. I clasp't her lovely Body in my Armes,
and laid my Bosom to her panting Breast.
Trembling she seem'd all love and soft desire,
And I all burning in a youthfull fire.

Sir Cred. Blest us, the Man's in a Rapture.

Witt. Damnation on them both.

Sir Cred. Well to the point man, what didst doe all this while?

Lean. Faith I fancy he did not sleep, Sir *Credulous*.

Lod. No friend, she had too many Charms to keep me waking.

Sir Cred. Had she so? I shou'd have beg'd her Charms pardon, I tell her that though.

Witt. Curse on my sloath, oh how shall I dissemble? *Aside.*

Lean. Thy adventure was pretty lucky—but *Wittmore* thou dost not relish it.

Witt. My Mind's upon my Marriage Sir, —if I thought he lov'd *Isabella* I wou'd marry her to be reveng'd on him, at least I'le vex his Soul as he has tortur'd mine, —well Gentlemen, you'le dine with me, ——and give me your opinion of my Wife.

Lod. Where dost thou keep the Ceremony?

Witt. At Sir *Patient Fancyes*, my Father in Law.

Lod. How! Sir *Patient Fancy* to be your Father in Law?

Lean. My Uncle?

Witt. He's fix'd—'tis his Daughter Sir I am to Marry.——

Lod. Isabella! Leander, can it be? —can she consent to this? and can she love you?

Witt. Why Sir, what do you see in me, shou'd render me unfit to be belov'd? [*angry.*

Lod. Marry'd to day! by Heaven it must not be, Sir.

[*draws him aside.*

Witt.

Witt. Why Sir, I hope this is not the kind Lady who was ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet, and charming laſt night.

Lod. Hold Sir——we yet are friends.——

Witt. And might have ſtill been ſo, hadſt thou not baſely rob'd me of my Intereſt.

Lod. Death! do you ſpeak my Language? [*Ready to draw.*

Witt. No, take a ſecret from my angry heart, which all its friendſhip to thee cou'd not make me utter, —it was my Miſtreſs you ſurpris'd laſt night.

Lod. Hah, my Lady *Fancy* his Miſtreſs? Curſe on my prating Tongue.—— [*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. What a Devil's all this, hard words, heart-burnings, reſentments and all that?

Lean. You are not quarrelling I hope, my friends?

Lod. All this Sir we ſuſpected, and ſmok't your borrowing Mony laſt night, and what I ſaid was to gain the mighty ſecret that had been ſo long kept from your friends——but thou haſt done a baſeneſs.—— [*layes his hand on his Sword.*

Lean. Hold, what's the matter?

Witt. Did you not rob me of the Victory then I've been ſo long a toyling for?

Lod. If I had 'twou'd not have made her guilty, nor me a Criminall, ſhe taking me for one ſhe lov'd, and I her for one that had no intereſt in my friend, and who the Devil wou'd have refus'd ſo fine a woman? nor had I, but that I was prevented by her Huſband, ——but *Iſabella* Sir you muſt reſign.

Witt. I will, provided that our friendſhip's ſafe; I am this day to marry her, and if you can find a means to do't in my room, I ſhall reſign my intereſt to my friend, for 'tis the lovely Mother I adore!

Lod. And was it you I fought with in the Garden?

Witt. Yes, and thereby hangs a tale of a miſtake almoſt equall to thine, which I'le at leaſure tell you. [*Talks to* Lod. *and* Lean.

Sir Cred. I'me glad they're friends, Zoz here was like to have been a pretty buſineſs, what Damnable work this ſame womankind makes in a Nation of Fools that are Lovers!

Witt. Look ye, I'me a Damn'd dull fellow at invention, I'le therefore leave you to contrive matters by your ſelves, whilſt I'le go try how kind fortune will be to me this Morning, and ſee in what readineſs my Bride is; what you do muſt be thought on

ſuddainly, I'le wait on you anon, and let you know how matters goe, —I'me as impatient to know the truth of this, as for an opportunity to injoy *Lucia.* [*goes out.*

Lod. Leander what ſhall I doe?

Lean. You were beſt — conſult your Mother and Siſter, women are beſt at intrigues of this kind: but what becomes of me?

Lod. Let me alone to diſpatch this fool, I long to have him out of the way, he begins to grow troubleſome—but now my Mother expects you.——

Lean. Prethee be carefull of me.— [*Ex.* Leander.

Sir Cred. What was this long whiſper, ſomething about me?

Lod. Why yes faith I was perſwading him to ſpeak to his friend about this buſineſs, but he ſwears there's no hopes of a reconciliation, you are a dead man unleſs ſome cleanly conveyance of you be ſoon thought on.

Sir Cred. Why, I'le keep within doors and defy malice and foul weather.

Lod. O he means to get a warrant and ſearch for ſtolen goods, prohibited Commodities or Conventicles, there's a thouſand civill pretences in this Town to commit outrages—let me ſee.— [*They both pawſe awhile.*

Sir Cred. Well I have thought, —and of ſuch a buſineſs, that the Devil's in't if you don't ſay I am a man of intrigue.

Lod. What is't?

Sir Cred. Ha ha ha, I muſt have leave to laugh to think how neatly I ſhall defeat this ſon of a whore of a thunder thumping Hector.

Lod. Be ſerious Sir, this is no laughing matter, if I might adviſe, you ſhould ſteal into the Country, for two or three days till the buſineſs be blown over.

Sir Cred. Lord, thou art ſo haſty and conceited of thy own invention, thou wilt not give a man leave to think in thy company, why theſe were my very thoughts, nay more, I have found a way to get off clever, though he watch me as narrowly as an inrag'd Serjeant upon an eſcape.

Lod. That indeed wou'd be a Maſter-piece.

Sir Cred. Why, look ye, do ye ſee that great Basket there?

Lod. I doe, —— this you mean.— [*pulls in a Basket.*

Sir Cred. Very well, put me into this Basket, and cord me down, ſend for a couple of Porters, hoiſt me away with a Direction,

rection, to an old Uncle of mine, one Sir *Anthony Bubleton* at *Bubleton-Hall* in *Eſſex*, and then Whip ſlap daſh, as *Nokes* ſays in the Play, I'me gone and who's the wiſer.

Lod. I like it well.

Sir Cred. Nay loſe no time in applauding, I'le in, the Carrier goes this morning, farewell *Lodwick*.— [*Goes into the Basket.* I'le be here again on Thurſday. [Lod. *writes a direction.*

Enter Boy.

Lod. By all means Sir, — Who's there, —— call a couple of Porters. [*Ex. Boy.*

Sir Cred. One word more, the Carrier lies at the Bell in *Friday-ſtreet*, pray take care they ſet me not on my head.——

[*Pops in again.*

Enter Boy *and two* Porters.

Lod. Come hither, cord up this Basket, and carry it where he ſhall direct — *Leander* will never think he's free from a Rival till he have him in his poſſeſſion, — To Mr. *Leander Fancy*'s at the next door; ſay 'tis things for him out of the Countrey.— Write a direction to him on the Basket lid.' [*Aſide to the Boy.*

{*Porters going to carry off the Basket on a long Pole between 'em.*

Enter Lady Knowel.

La. Kn. What's this? whither goes this Basket?

Sir Cred. Ah Lord! they are come with the Warrant. [*Peeps out of the Basket.*

Lod. Only Books Madam offer'd me to buy, but they do not pleaſe me.

La. Kn. Books? nay then ſet down the Basket Fellows, and let me peruſe 'em, who were the Authors, and what their Language?

Sir Cred. A Pox of all Learning I ſay,— 'tis my Mother-in-Law. [*Porters going to ſet down the Basket.*

Lod. Hold, hold Madam, they are only *Engliſh*, and ſome Law-*French*.

La. Kn. Oh faugh, how I hate that vile ſort of reading! up with 'em again fellows, and away. {*The Porters take up and go out.*

Lod. God-a-mercy Law-*French.* [*Aſide.*

La. Kn. Law-*French*! out upon't, I cou'd find in my heart to have the Porters bring it back, and have it burnt for a Hereſy to Learning.

Lod. Or thrown into the *Thames*, that it may float back to *Normandy* to have the Language new modell'd.

La. Kn. You ſay well, but what's all this *ad Iphicli bonis*, where's Sir *Credulous* all this while? his affairs expect him.

Lod. So does *Leander* your Ladiſhip within.

La. Kn. Leander! Hymen, Hymenæe, I'le wait on him, *Lodwick* I am reſolv'd you ſhall marry *Iſabella* too, I have a deſign in my head that cannot fail to give you the poſſeſſion of her within this two or three hours.

Lod. Such an Indulgence will make me the happieſt of men, and I have ſomething to ſay to your Ladiſhip that will oblige you to haſten the deſign.——

La. Kn. Come in and let me know it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Table and Chairs.*

Enter Lady Fancy *in a Morning dreſs*, Maundy *with Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

La. Fa. Wittmore in the Garden ſaiſt thou with *Iſabella!* Oh Perjur'd man! it was by his contrivance then I was betray'd laſt night.

Maun. I thought ſo too at firſt Madam, till going to conduct Mr. *Knowel* through the Garden, he finding Mr. *Wittmore* there with *Iſabella*, drew on him, and they both fought out of the Garden, what miſchief's done I know not, —— but Madam, I hope Mr. *Knowel* was not uncivil to your Ladiſhip: I had no time to ask what paſt between you.

La. Fa. Oh name it not! I gave him all I had reſerved for *Wittmore!* I was ſo poſſeſt with the thoughts of that dear falſe one, I had no ſenſe free to perceive the cheat,—— but I will be reveng'd, —— come let me end my Letter, we are ſafe from interruption.

Maun.

Maun. Yes Madam, Sir *Patient* is not yet up, the Doctors have been with him, and tell him he is not ſo bad as we perſwaded him.

La. Fa. — And was he ſoft and kind? — By all that's good ſhe loves him, and they contriv'd this meeting, — my Pen and Ink — I am impatient to unload my Soul of this great weight of jealouſie.— [*Sits down and writes.*

Enter Sir Patient *looking over her Shoulder a tip-toe.*

Maun. Heaven! here's Sir *Patient* Madam.

La. Fa. Hah, — and 'tis too late to hide the Paper, — I was juſt going to ſubſcribe my name.

Sir. Pat. Good morrow, my Lady *Fancy*, your Ladiſhip is well imploy'd I ſee.

La. Fa. Indeed I was, and pleaſantly too, I am writing a Love-letter Sir, — but my Dear, what makes you ſo ſoon up?

Sir Pat. A Love-letter! — let me ſee't. [*Goes to take it.*

La. Fa. I'le read it to you Sir.

Maun. What mean you Madam? [*Aſide.*

Lady Fancy *Reads.*

It was but yeſterday you ſwore you lov'd me, and I poor eaſy fool believed, but your laſt nights Infidelity has undeceived my heart, and rendred you the falſeſt Man that ever Woman ſigh't for. Tell me, how durſt you, when I had prepared all things for our enjoyment, be ſo great a Devil to deceive my languiſhing expectations? And in your room ſend one that has undone ——

Your ——

Maun. Sure ſhe's mad to read this to him.

Sir Pat. Hum, — I profeſs ingenuouſly — I think it is indeed a Love-letter, —— my Lady *Fancy* what means all this? as I take it here are Riddles and Myſteries in this buſineſs.

La. Fa. Which thus Sir I'le unfold.— {*Takes the Pen and writes* Iſabella.

Sir Pat. How! undone —— your —— *Iſabella*, meaning my Daughter?

La. Fa. Yes my Dear, going this morning into her Chamber, ſhe not being there, I took up a Letter that lay open on her Table,

Table, and out of curioſity read it, as near as I can remember 'twas to this purpoſe, I writ it out now becauſe I had a mind thou ſhou'd'ſt ſee't; for I can hide nothing from thee.

Sir Pat. A very good Lady I profeſs, to whom is it directed?

La. Fa. Why, — Sir, — What ſhall I ſay, I cannot lay it now on *Lodwick.* — [*Aſide.*
I believe ſhe meant it to Mr. *Fain-love*, for whom elſe cou'd it be deſign'd? ſhe being ſo ſoon to marry him.

Sir Pat. Hah, — Mr. *Fain-love*! ſo ſoon ſo fond and amorous!

La. Fa. Alas, 'tis the excuſable fault of all young Women, thou knoweſt I was juſt ſuch another fool to thee, ſo fond — and ſo in love. —

Sir Pat. Ha, ——thou wert indeed my Lady *Fancy*, indeed thou wert, — but I will keep the Letter however, that this idle Baggage may know I underſtand her tricks and intrigues. —
[*Puts up the Letter.*

La. Fa. Nay then 'twill out: no I beſeech you Sir give me the Letter, I wou'd not for the World *Iſabella* ſhou'd know of my theft, 'twou'd appear malicious in me, — beſides Sir, it does not befit your Gravity to be concern'd in the little quarrels of Lovers.

Sir Pat. Lovers! Tell me not of Lovers, my Lady *Fancy*; with Reverence to your good Ladiſhip, I value not whether there be love between 'em or not, Pious Wedlock is my buſineſs, — nay, I will let him know his own too, that I will, with your Ladiſhip's permiſſion.

La. Fa. How unlucky I am! — Sir, as to his Chaſtiſement, uſe your own diſcretion, in which you do abound moſt plentifully, —— but pray let not *Iſabella* hear of it, for as I wou'd preſerve my duty to thee, by communicating all things to thee, ſo I wou'd conſerve my good opinion with her.

Sir Pat. Ah, what a bleſſing I poſſeſs in ſo excellent a Wife! and in regard I am every day deſcending to my Grave, — ah — I will no longer hide from thee the proviſion I have made for thee, in caſe I die. —

La. Fa. This is the Muſick that I long'd to hear. — Die! — Oh that fatal word will kill me — [*Weeps.*] Name it no more if you'd preſerve my life. ——

Sir Pat.

Sir Pat. Hah,—now cannot I refrain joyning with her in affectionate tears—no but do not weep for me my excellent Lady —for I have made a pretty competent Estate for thee, Eight thousand Pounds, which I have conceal'd in my Study behind the Wainscot on the left hand as you come in.

La. Fa. Oh tell not me of transitory wealth, for I'me resolv'd not to survive thee, Eight thousand Pounds say you? —— Oh I cannot indure the thoughts on't. [*Weeps.*

Sir Pat. Eight thousand Pounds just, my dearest Lady.

La. Fa. Oh you'l make me desperate in naming it, — is it in Gold or Silver?

Sir Pat. In Gold my Dearest the most-part, the rest in Silver.

La. Fa. Good Heavens! why shou'd you take such pleasure in afflicting me. [*Weeps.*] —Behind the Wainscot say you?

Sir Pat. Behind the Wainscot, prethee be pacifi'd, —— thou makest me lose my greatest vertue, Moderation, to see thee thus, alas we're all born to die. ——

La. Fa. Again of dying! uncharitable man, why do you delight in tormenting me? — on the left hand say you as you go in?

Sir Pat. On the left hand my Love, had ever Man such a Wife?

La. Fa. Oh my Spirits fail me, —lead me, or I shall faint,— lead me to the Study and shew me where 'tis, —— for I am able to hear no more of it.

Sir Pat. I will, if you will promise indeed and indeed, not to grieve too much. [*Going to lead her out.*

Enter Wittmore.

Witt. Heaven grant me some kind opportunity to speak with *Lucia*! hah, she's here, — and with her the fond Cuckold her Husband, —— Death, he has spy'd me, there's no avoiding him. ——

Sir Pat. Oh, are you there Sir?—*Maundy* look to my Lady, —I take it Sir, you have not dealt well with a person of my Authority and Gravity. [*Gropes for the Letter in his pocket.*

Witt. So, this can be nothing less than my being found out to be no *Yorkshire* Esq; : a Pox of my *Geneva* breeding, it must be so, what the Devil shall I say now?

Sir Pat. And this disingenuous dealing does ill become the person you have represented, I take it.

Witt. Represented! Aye there 'tis, wou'd I were handsomely off o' this business; neither *Lucia* nor *Maundy* have any intelligence in their demure looks that can instruct a man, ——why faith Sir, —I must confess, ——I am to blame——and that I have — a —

La. Fa. Oh *Maundy*! he'l discover all, what shall we do?

Sir Pat. Have what Sir?

Witt. From my violent passion for your Daughter.—

La. Fa. Oh I'me all confusion.——

Witt. Egad I am i'th' wrong, I see by *Lucia*'s looks.

Sir Pat. That you have Sir, you wou'd say, made a sport and May-game of the ingagement of your word; I take it Mr. *Fainlove*, 'tis not like the stock you came from.

Witt. Yes, I was like to have spoil'd all, 'sheart what fine work I had made ——but most certainly he has discover'd my passion for his Wife, ——well, Impudence assist me— I made Sir a trifle of my word Sir, from whom have you this intelligence?

Sir Pat. From whom shou'd I Sir, but from my Daughter *Isabella*?

Witt. Isabella! The malicious Baggage understood to whom my first Courtship was address'd last night, and has betray'd me.

Sir Pat. And Sir to let you see I utter nothing without precaution, pray read that Letter.

Witt. Hah — a Letter! what can this mean, — 'tis *Lucia*'s hand, with *Isabella*'s name to't, — Oh the dear cunning Creature to make her Husband the messenger too. [*He Reads*] — How, I send one in my room?

La. Fa. Yes Sir, you think we do not know of the appointment you made last night, but having other affairs in hand than to keep your promise, you sent Mr. *Knibbel* in your room,—false man.

Witt. I send him Madam! I wou'd have sooner died.

Sir Pat. Sir as I take it he cou'd not have known of your designes and Rendezvous without your information, — were not you to have met my Daughter here to night Sir?

Witt. Yes Sir, and I hope 'tis no such great crime, to desire a little

little converſation with the fair perſon one loves, and is ſo ſoon to marry, which I was hinder'd from doing by the greateſt and moſt unlucky misfortune that ever arriv'd: but for my ſending him, Madam, credit me, there's nothing ſo much amazes me and afflicts me, as to know he was here.

Sir Pat. He ſpeaks well, ingenuouſly he do's, — well Sir for your Father's ſake, whoſe memory I reverence, I will for once forgive you, but let's have no more night-works, no more Gamballs I beſeech you good Mr. *Fain-love*.

Witt. I humbly thank ye Sir, and do beſeech you to tell the dear Creature that writ this, that I love her more than life or fortune, and that I won'd ſooner have kill'd the man that uſurp'd my place laſt night than have aſſiſted him.

La. Fa. Were you not falſe then? — Now hang me if I do not credit him. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Alas good Lady! how ſhe's concern'd for my Intereſt, ſhe's even jealous for my Daughter. [*Aſide.*

Witt. Falſe! charge me not with unprofitable ſins; wou'd I refuſe a Bleſſing, or blaſpheme a Power that might undo me? wou'd I die in my full vigorous health, or live in conſtant pain? All this I cou'd, ſooner than be untrue.

Sir Pat. Ingenuouſly, my Lady *Fancy*, he ſpeaks diſcreetly, and to purpoſe.

La. Fa. Indeed my Dear he does, and like an honeſt Gentleman, and I ſhou'd think my ſelf very unreaſonable not to believe him, — and Sir I'le undertake your peace ſhall be made with your Miſtreſs.

Sir Pat. Well, I am the moſt fortunate man in a Wife that ever had the bleſſing of a good one.

Witt. Madam, let me fall at your feet, and thank you for this Bounty. [*Kneels.*] — Make it your own caſe, and then conſider what returns ought to be made to the moſt paſſionate and faithful of Lovers.

Sir Pat. I profeſs, a wonderful good natur'd youth this, riſe Sir, my Lady *Fancy* ſhall do you all the kind Offices ſhe can, o' my word ſhe ſhall.

La. Fa. I'me all obedience Sir, and doubtleſs ſhall obey you.

Sir Pat. You muſt, indeed you muſt, and Sir I'le defer your Happineſs no longer, this day you ſhall be marry'd.

Witt. This day Sir! ——why, the Writings are not made.

Sir Pat. No matter Mr. *Fainlove*, her Portion shall be equivalent to the Jointure you shall make her, I take it, that's sufficient.

Witt. A Jointure quoth he! it must be in New *Eutopian* Land then, —— and must I depart thus, without a kind word, a look, or a billiet, to signify what I am to expect? {*Looking on her slily.*

Sir Pat. Come, my Lady *Fancy*, shall I wait on you down to Prayer? Sir you will go get your self in order for your Marriage, the great affair of human life, I must to my mornings Devotion: come Madam. {*She endeavours to make signs to* Wittmore.

La. Fa. Alas Sir, the sad discourse you lately made me, has so disorder'd me, and given me such a pain in my head, I am not able to endure the Psalm singing.

Sir Pat. This comes of your weeping, —— but we'l omit that part of th'exercise, and have no Psalm sung.

La. Fa. Oh by no means Sir, 'twill scandalize the Brethren, for you know a Psalm is not sung so much out of devotion as 'tis to give notice of our Zeal and Pious intentions, 'tis a kind of Proclamation to the Neighbour-hood, and cannot be omitted, —— Oh how my head aches!

Witt. He were a damn'd dull Lover that cou'd not gues what she meant by this. [*Aside.*

Sir Pat. Well, my Lady *Fancy*, your Ladiship shall be obey'd, —— come Sir, we'l leave her to her Women. [*Ex. Sir* Pat. {*As* Wittmore *goes out, he bows and looks on her, she gives him a sign.*

Witt. That kind look is a sufficient invitation.——

La. Fa. Maundy follow 'em down, and bring *Wittmore* back again,— [*Exit* Maund.] There's now a necessity of our contriving to avoid this marriage handsomely, ——and we shall at least make two hours our own, I never wish'd well to long Prayers till this minute.

Enter Wittmore.

Witt. Oh my dear *Lucia*!

La. Fa. Oh *Wittmore*! I long to tell thee what a fatal mistake had like to have happen'd last night.

Witt.

Witt. My friend has told me all, and how he was prevented by the coming of your Husband from robbing me of those sacred delights I languish for, oh let us not lose inestimable time in dull talking, but haste to give each other the only confirmation we can give, how little we are our own.

La. Fa. I see *Lodwick*'s a Man of Honour, and deserves a heart if I had one to give him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall.*

Enter Sir Patient *and* Roger.

Sir Pat. Roger, is Prayer ready, *Roger*?

Rog. Truely nay Sir, for Mr. *Gogle* hath taken too much of the Creature this Morning, and is not in case, Sir.

Sir Pat. How mean you Sirrah, that Mr. *Gogle* is overtaken with Drink?

Rog. Nay Sir, he hath over-eaten himself at Breakfast only.

Sir Pat. Alas and that's soon done, for he hath a sickly Stomach as well as I, poor man —where is *Bartholomew*, the Clerk, he must hold forth then to day.

Rog. Verily he is also disabled, for going forth last night by your commandment to smite the wicked, he received a blow over the *Pericranium*.——

Sir Pat. Why how now Sirrah, Latin! the Language of the Beast! hah——and what then Sir?

Rog. Which blow I doubt Sir, hath spoiled both his Praying and his Eating.

Sir Pat. Hah! what a Family's here? no prayer to day!

Enter Nurse *and* Fanny.

Nurs. Nay verily it shall all out, I will be no more the dark lanthorn to the deeds of darkness.

Sir Pat. What's the matter here?

Nurs. Sir, this young Sinner has long been privy to all the daily and nightly meetings between Mr. *Lodwick* and *Isabella*, and just now I took her tying a letter to a string in the Garden which he drew up to his Window, and I have born it till my Conscience will bear it no longer.

Sir Pat. Hah, so young a Bawd!—tell me Minion, —private meeting!

meeting! tell me truth I charge ye, when? where? how? and how often? oh ſhe's debauch't! —her reputation's ruin'd, and ſhe'le need a double Portion. Come tell me truth, for this little Finger here has told me all.

Fan. Oh Geminy Sir, then that little Finger's the hougeſeſt great Lyer as ever was.

Sir Pat. Huzy huzy —I will have thee whipt moſt unmercifully: *Nurſe* fetch me the Rod.

Fan. Oh pardon me Sir this one time and I'le tell all. [*Kneels.* —Sir— I have ſeen him in the Garden, but not very often.

Sir Pat. Often! oh, my Family's diſhonoured, tell me truly what he us'd to do there—or I will have thee whipt without ceſſation, oh I'me in a cold Sweat, there's my fine Maid, was he with her long?

Fan. Long enough.

Sir Pat. Long enough! —oh 'tis ſo, long enough—for what, hah? my dainty Miſs, tell me, and didſt thou leave 'em?

Fan. They us'd to ſend me to gather flowers to make Noſegays Sir.

Sir Pat. Ah, demonſtration, 'tis evident if they were left alone that they were naught, I know't, —and where were they the while? in the cloſe Arbour? —Aye Aye — I will have it cut down, it is the Pent-houſe of Iniquity, the very Coverlid of Sin.

Fan. No Sir, they ſat on the Primroſe Bank.

Sir Pat. What, did they ſit all the while, or ſtand—or —lye —or—oh how was't?

Fan. They only ſat indeed Sir Father.

Sir Pat. And thou didſt not hear a word they ſaid all the while?

Fan. Yes I did Sir, and the man talkt a great deal of this, and of that, and of t'other, and all the while threw Jeſſimine in her boſome.

Sir Pat. Well ſaid, and did he nothing elſe?

Fan. No indeed, Sir Father, nothing.

Sir Pat. But what did ſhe ſay to the man again?

Fan. She ſaid, let me ſee, —Aye ſhe ſaid, Lord you'le forget your ſelf, and ſtay till ſomebody catch us.

Sir Pat. Ah, very fine, —then what ſaid he?

Fan.

Fan. Then he said, Well if I must be gon, let me leave thee with this hearty curse, A Pox take thee all over for making me love thee so confoundedly.

Sir Pat. Oh horrible!

Fan. —Oh I cou'd live here for ever, —that was when he kist her—— her hand only, are you not a Damn'd woman for making so fond a Puppy of me?

Sir Pat. Oh unheard of wickedness!

Fan. Wou'd the Devil had thee and all thy family, e're I had seen thy Cursed face.

Sir Pat. Oh I'le hear no more, —I'le hear no more—why what a Blasphemous wretch is this!

Fan. Pray Sir Father, do not tell my Sister of this, she'le be horribly angry with me.

Sir Pat. No no, get you gon, —oh I am heart-sick—I'le up and consult with my Lady what's fit to be done in this affair, oh never was the like heard of.—— { *Goes out*, Fanny *goes the other way.*

Scene, the Lady Fancies *Bedchamber, she's discovered with* Wittmore *in disorder. A Table, Sword, and Hatt.*

Maun. O Madam, Sir *Patient*'s coming up.

La. Fan. Coming up say you!

Maun. He's almost on the top of the Stairs, Madam.

Witt. What shall I doe?

La. Fa. Oh Damn him, I know not, if he see thee here after my pretended Illness, he must needs discover why I feign'd, —I have no Excuse ready, —this Chamber's unlucky, there's no avoiding him, here—— step behind the Bed, perhaps he has only forgot his Psalm Book and will not stay long. { Wittmore *runs behind the Bed.*

Enter Sir Patient.

Sir Pat. Oh, oh, pardon this interruption my Lady *Fancy* ——oh I am half kill'd, my Daughter, my Honour—— my Daughter, my Reputation.

La. Fa. Good Heavens Sir, is she dead?

Sir Pat. I wou'd she were, her Portion and her Honour wou'd then be sav'd, but oh I'me sick at heart, *Maundy*, fetch me the Bottle

Bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Closet, — she's wanton — unchast,

Enter Maundy *with the Bottle.*

oh I cannot speak it, oh the Bottle— [*Drinks*] she has lost her Fame, —her Shame—her Name—oh [*Drinks*] this is not the right Bottle—that with the red Cork [*Drinks*] [*Ex.* Maundy. —and is grown a very t'other end of the town Creature, a very Apple of *Sodom*, fair without and filthy within, what shall we

Enter Maundy.

doe with her? she's lost, undone; [*Drinks*] hah —let me see, [*Drinks*] this is—[*Drinks*] not as I take it—[*Drinks*]—no—'tis not the right—she's naught, —she's lewd, —[*Drinks*]—oh how you Vex me—[*Drinks*] this is not the right Bottle, yet—[*Drinks*] no no—here. [*Gives her the Bottle.*

Maun. You said, that with the Red Cork Sir. [*Goes out.*

Sir Pat. I meant the Blew, — I know not what I say, —in fine, my Lady let us marry her out of hand, for she is fall'n, fall'n to Perdition; she understands more wickedness then had she been bred in a profane Nunnery —a Court, or a Play-house,

Enter Maundy.

[*Drinks*] —therefore let's Marry her instantly—out of hand, [*Drinks*] Misfortune on Misfortune, [*Drinks*] —but Patience is a wonderfull Vertue, [*Drinks*] —ha—this is very Comfortable, —very Consoling, —I profess if it were not for these Creature ravishing Comforts, sometimes, a Man were a very odd sort of an Animal [*Drinks*] but ah—see how all things were ordain'd for the use and comfort of man [*Drinks.*]

La. Fa. I like this well; Ah Sir 'tis very true, therefore receive it plentifully and thankfully.

Sir Pat. *Drinks*] Ingeniously ——it hath made me marvellous lightsome, ——I profess it hath a very notable Faculty, ——very knavish—and as—it were——waggish, ——but —hah—— what have we there on the Table? a Sword and Hat? {*Sees* Wittmore's *Sword and Hat on the Table which he had forgot.*

La. Fa. Curse on my Dullness, ——oh —these Sir, they are Mr. *Fainloves*——he being so soon to be Marry'd, and being straitned for time, sent these to *Maundy* to be new trim'd with

Ribbon

Ribbon Sir——that's all,——take 'em away you naughty Baggage, muſt I have mens things ſeen in my Chamber?

Sir Pat. Nay nay, be not angry my little Rogue, I like the young mans frugality well,——go go your ways,—get you gon—and finefy your knacks, and tranghams, and do your buſineſs—goe.—— {*Smiling on* Maundy, *gently beating her with his hand: ſhe goes out, he bolts the door after her, and ſits down on the Beds feet.*

La. Fa. Heavens, what means he!

Sir Pat. Come hither to me my little Apes face,—come—come I ſay—what muſt I come fetch you?—Catch her, catch her, catch her——catch her, catch her, catch her. {*Running after her.*

La. Fa. Oh Sir I am ſo ill I can hardly ſtir.

Sir Pat. I'le make ye well, come hither ye Monky face, did it, did it, did it? alas for it, a poor ſilly fools face, dive it a blow and I'le beat it.

La. Fa. You neglect your Devotion Sir.

Sir Pat. No no, no Prayer to day my little Raſcall,——no Prayer to day——poor *Gogle*'s ſick——come hither——why you Refractory Baggage you, come or I ſhall touze you, ingenuouſly I ſhall, tom tom or I'le whip it.

La. Fa. Have you forgot your Daughter Sir? and your diſgrace?

Sir Pat. A fiddle on my Daughter, ſhe's a Chick of the old Cock I profeſs, I was juſt ſuch another wag when young,—but ſhe ſhall be marry'd to morrow, a good Cloke for her knavery; therefore come your ways, ye wag, we'le take a nap together, good faith my little Harlot I mean thee no harm.

La. Fa. No o' my Conſcience.——

Sir Pat. Why then, why then you little Mungrel?

La. Fa. His preciſe worſhip is as it were diſguis'd, the outward man is overtaken——pray Sir lye down, and I'le come to you preſently.

Sir Pat. Away you wag, will you? will you—catch her there, catch her.

La. Fa. I will indeed—death there's no getting from him,——pray lye down——and I'le cover thee cloſe enough I'le warrant thee.—— [*Aſide.* *He lyes down, ſhe covers him.*

Had ever Lovers ſuch ſpightfull Luck? hah —ſurely he ſleeps, bleſs the miſtaken Bottle—Aye, he ſleeps,—whiſt, *Wittmore.*—

{ *He coming out falls: pulls the Chair down,* Sir Patient *flings open the Curtain.*

Witt. Plague of my over Care, what ſhall I doe?

Sir Pat. What's that, what noiſe is that? let me ſee, we are not ſafe, lock up the doors, what's the matter, what Thunder Clap was that?

{ Wittmore *runs under the Bed: ſhe runs to* Sir Patient *and holds him in his Bed.*

La. Fa. Pray Sir lye ſtill, 'twas I was only going to ſit down, and a ſuddain giddineſs took me in my head which made me fall and with me the Chair, there is no danger near ye Sir—I was juſt coming to ſleep by you.

Sir Pat. Go you're a flattering Huſwife, goe, Catch her, catch her—catch her.— [*Lyes down, ſhe covers him.*

La. Fa. Oh how I tremble at the diſmal apprehenſion of being diſcovered, had I ſecur'd my ſelf of the Eight thouſand Pound, I wou'd not value *Wittmores* being ſeen, but now to be found out wou'd call my Wit in queſtion, for 'tis the fortunate alone are wiſe.——

{ Wittmore *peeps from under the Bed: ſhe goes ſofily to the door to open it.*

Witt. Was ever man ſo Plagu'd?——hah——what's this?——confound my tell-tale Watch, the Larum goes, and there's no getting to't to ſilence it;——Damn'd Misfortune!

[*Sir* Patient *riſes and flings open the Curtains.*

Sir Pat. Hah, what's that!

La. Fa. Heavens! what's the matter? we are deſtin'd to diſcovery. [*She runs to Sir* Patient, *and leaves the door ſtill faſt.*

Sir Pat. What's that I ſay, what's that? let me ſee, let me ſee, what ringing's that, oh let me ſee what 'tis.

[*Strives to get up, ſhe holds him down.*

La. Fa. Oh now I ſee my fate's inevitable, alas that ever I was born to ſee't. [*Weeps.*

Witt. Death ſhe'le tell him I am here! nay he muſt know't, a Pox of all invention and Mechanicks, and he were damn'd that firſt contriv'd a Watch.

Sir Pat. Hah, doſt weep,—why doſt weep? I ſay what noiſe is that? what ringing? hah.—

La. Fa. 'Tis that, 'tis that my dear that makes me weep, alas I never hear this fatall Noiſe but ſome dear friend dyes.

Sir Pat.

Sir Pat. Hah, dyes! oh that muſt be I, Aye Aye, oh.

La. Fa. I've heard it Sir this two dayes, but wou'd not tell you of it.

Sir Pat. Hah! heard it theſe two dayes? oh, what is't, a death-watch? —hah.—

La. Fa. Aye Sir, a death-watch, a certain Larum death-watch, a thing that has warn'd our Family this hundred years, oh—I'me the moſt undone Woman.

Witt. A bleſſing on her for a dear diſſembling Gilt —death and the Devil, will it never ceaſe?

Sir Pat. A death-watch? ah, 'tis ſo, I've often heard of theſe things —methinks it ſounds as if 'twere under the Bed.——

[*Offers to look, ſhe holds him.*

La. Fa. You think ſo Sir, but that 'tis about the Bed is my grief, it therefore threatens you: oh wretched Woman!

Sir Pat. Aye, aye, I'me too happy in a wife to live long: well, I will ſettle my Houſe at *Hogsdowne* with the Land about it, which is 500 l. a year upon thee, live or dye, —do not grieve.—

[*Lays himſelf down.*

La. Fa. Oh I never had more cauſe, come try to ſleep; your fate may be diverted ———whilſt I'le to prayers for your dear health, ——— I have almoſt run out all my ſtock of Hypocriſie, and that hated Art now fails me, —oh all ye Powers that favour diſtreſt Lovers, aſſiſt us now, and I'le provide againſt your future Malice. [*Covers him, draws the Curtains.* { *She makes ſignes to* Wittmore, *he peeps.*

Witt. I'me impatient of Freedom, yet ſo much happineſs as I but now injoy'd without this part of Suffering had made me too bleſt, ——— Death and Damnation! what curſt luck have I?

{ *Makes ſigns to her to open the Door: whilſt he creeps ſoftly from under the Bed to the Table, by which going to raiſe himſelf he pulls down all the Dreſſing things: at the ſame inſtant Sir* Patient *leaps from the Bed, and ſhe returns from the door and ſits on* Wittmores *back as he lies on his hands and knees, and makes as if ſhe ſwounded.*

Sir Pat. What's the matter! what's the matter! has *Satan* broke his everlaſting Chain and got looſe abroad to Plague poor Mortalls? hah—what's the matter? [*Runs to his Lady.*

La. Fa. Oh help, I dye, —I faint—run down and call for help.

Sir Pat. My Lady dying? oh ſhe's gon, ſhe faints, —what ho, who waits? [*Cries and baules.*

La. Fa. Oh, go down and bring me help, the door is lockt, —they cannot hear ye—oh —I goe ——I dye.——

[*He opens the door and calls help, help.*

Witt. Damn him! there's no eſcaping without I kill the Dog. [*from under her, peeping.*

La. Fa. Lye ſtill or we are undone.——

Sir Patient *returns with* Maundy.

Maun. Hah, diſcover'd!

Sir Pat. Help, help my Lady dies.——

Maun. Oh I perceive how 'tis ——Alas ſhe's dead, quite gone, oh rub her temples Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh I'me undone then, —[*Weeps*] oh my dear, my Vertuous Lady?——

La. Fa. Oh where's my Huſband, my deareſt Huſband—oh bring him near me.

Sir Pat. I'me here my Excellent Lady.——

{*She takes him about the neck and raiſes her ſelf up, gives* Wittmore *a little kick behind.*

Witt. Oh the dear Lovely Hypocrite, was ever Man ſo near diſcovery?—— [*Goes out.*

Sir Pat. Oh how hard ſhe preſſes my head to her Boſome!

Maun. Ah, that graſping hard Sir, is a very bad ſign.

Sir Pat. How does my good, my deareſt Lady *Fancy*?

La. Fa. Something better now, give me more Air, ——that diſmall Larum Death-watch had almoſt kill'd me.

Sir Pat. Ah Precious Creature, how ſhe afflicts her ſelf for me, — come let's walk into the Dining room, 'tis more Airie, from thence into my Study, and make thy ſelf Miſtreſs of that Fortune I have deſign'd thee, thou beſt of Women. [*Exeunt, Leading her.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Table, and Six Chairs.*

Enter Iſabella *Reading a Letter,* Betty *tricking her.*

Iſab. HHow came you by this Letter?

Bet. Miſs *Fanny* receiv'd it by a ſtring from his Window, by which he took up that you writ to him this morning.

Iſab. What means this nicety? forbear I ſay.——— [*puts* Betty *from her.*

Bet. You cannot be too fine upon your VVedding day.

Iſab. Thou art miſtaken, leave me, — whatever he ſays here to ſatisfy my jealouſy, I am confirm'd that he was falſe, yet this aſſurance to free me from this intended marriage, makes me reſolve to pardon him however guilty.——

Enter Wittmore.

How now! what means this inſolence? How dare you having ſo lately made your guilty approaches, venture again into my preſence?

Witt. Why? Is there any danger, but what's ſo viſible, in thoſe fair eyes?

Iſab. And there may lie enough Sir, when they're angry. By what Authority do you make this ſawcy viſit?

Witt. That of a Husband Madam, I came to congratulate the mighty joy this day will bring you.

Iſab. Thou dar'ſt not marry me, there will be danger in't.

Witt. Why ſure you do not carry Death in your imbraces, I find no Terrour in that lovely ſhape, no Daggers in that pretty ſcornfull look; that breath that utters ſo much Anger now, laſt night was ſweet as new-blown Roſes are, —— and ſpoke ſuch words, ſo tender and ſo kind.

Iſab. And canſt thou think they were addreſs'd to thee?

Witt. No, nor cou'd the ſhade of Night hide the confuſion which diſorder'd you, at the diſcovery that I was not he, the bleſſed he you look'd for.

Iſab. Leave me, thou hated object of my Soul.

VVitt. This will not ſerve your turn, for I muſt marry you.

Iſab. Then thou art a fool, and draweſt thy ruin on; why I will hate thee, —— hate thee moſt extreamly.

VVitt. That will not anger me.

Iſab. Why, I will never let thee touch me, not kiſs my hand, not come into my ſight.

VVitt. Are there no other women, kind, fair, and to be purchas'd? he cannot ſtarve for Beauty in this age, that has a ſtock to buy.

Iſab. Why, I will Cuckold thee, look to't; I will moſt damnably.

VVitt. So wou'd you, had you lov'd me, in a year or two; therefore like a kind civil Husband I've made proviſion for you, a friend, and one I dare truſt my Honour with, —'tis Mr. *Knowel*, Madam.

Iſab. Lodwick! What Devil brought that name to his knowledge? —— canſt thou know him, and yet dare hope to marry me?

VVitt. We have agree'd it, and on theſe conditions.

Iſab. Thou baſely injureſt him, he cannot do a deed he ought to bluſh for: *Lodwick* do this! Oh do not credit it, —— prethee be juſt and kind for thy own Honours ſake, be quickly ſo, the haſty minutes fly, and will anon make up the fatal hour that will undoe me.

VVitt. 'Tis true, within an hour you muſt ſubmit to *Hymen*, there's no avoiding it.

Iſab. Nay then be gone my poor ſubmiſſive Prayers, and all that dull Obedience cuſtom has made us ſlaves to, —— do, Sacrifice me, lead me to the Altar, and ſee if all the holy myſtick words can Conjure from me the conſenting ſyllable: No, I will not add one word to make the charm compleat, but ſtand as ſilent in th'inchantiug Circle, as if the Prieſts were raiſing Devils there.

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. Enough, enough, my charming *Iſabella*, I am confirm'd.

Iſab. Lodwick! what good Angel conducted thee hither?

Lod. E'en honeſt *Charles VVittmore* here, thy friend and mine, no Bug-bear Lover he!

Iſab.

Isab. Wittmore! that friend I've often heard thee name? now some kind mischief on him, he has so frighted me, I scarce can bring my sense to so much order, to thank him that he loves me not.

Lod. Thou shalt defer that payment to more leisure, we're men of business now. My Mother knowing of a Consultation of Physicians which your Father has this day appointed to meet at his house, has brib'd Monsieur *Turboone* his *French* Doctor in Pension, to admit of a Doctor or two of her recommending, who shall amuse him with discourse till we get our selves married; and to make it the more ridiculous, I will release Sir *Credulous* from the Basket, I saw it in the Hall as I came through, we shall have need of the fool. [*Ex.* Witt.

Enter Wittmore *pulling in the Basket.*

Witt. 'Twill do well.

Lod. Sir *Credulous* how is't man? [*Opens the Basket.*

Sir Cred. What am not I at the Carriers yet? — Oh *Lodwick* thy hand, I'me almost poison'd —— this Basket wants airing extreamly, it smells like an old Ladies Wedding-Gown of my acquaintance, —but what's the danger past, man?

Lod. No, but there's a necessity of your being for some time disguis'd to act a Physician.

Sir Cred. How! a Physician! that I can easily do, for I understand Simples.

Lod. That's not material, so you can but Banter well, be very Grave, and put on a starch'd countenance.

Sir Cred. Banter? what's that, man?

Lod. Why Sir, talking very much, and meaning just nothing; be full of words without any connexion, sence, or conclusion: come in with me, and I'le instruct you farther.

Sir Cred. Pshaw, is that all, say no more out, I'le do't, let me alone for Bantering, — but this same damn'd Rival? —

Lod. He's now watching for you without, and means to souce upon you, but trust to me for your security, come away, I have your habit ready. [*Goes out.*] —— This day shall make thee mine, Dear *Isabella.* —— [*Ex.* Lod. *and* Witt.

Enter Sir Patient, *and* Leander, *and* Roger.

Sir Pat. Marry *Lucretia!* is there no Woman in the City fit for

for you but the Daughter of the moſt notorious fantaſtical Lady within the Walls?

Lean. Yet that fantaſtical Lady you thought fit for a Wife for me Sir.

Sir Pat. Yes Sir, Foppery with Money had been ſomething, but a poor Fop, hang't 'tis abominable.

Lean. Pray hear me Sir.

Sir Pat. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a Jackanapes, ingenuouſly you are Sir, Marry *Lucretia* quoth he!

Lean. If it were ſo Sir, where's her fault?

Sir Pat. Why Mr. Coxcombe, all over. Did I with ſo much care endeavour to marry thee to the Mother, only to give thee opportunity with *Lucretia?*

Enter Lady Knowel.

Lean. This Anger ſhews your great concern for me.

Sir Pat. For my name I am, but 'twere no matter if thou wert hang'd, and thou deſerveſt it for thy lewd Cavaliering Opinion, —— they ſay thou art a Papiſt too, or at leaſt a Church of *England* Man, and I profeſs there's not a pin to chuſe, —— Marry *Lucretia!*

La. Kn. Were I querimonious, I ſhou'd reſent the affront this *Balatroon* has offer'd me.

Iſab. Dear Madam, for my ſake do not anger him now.

[*Aſide to her.*

La. Kn. Upon my Honour you are very free with my Daughter Sir.

Sir Pat. How! ſhe here! now for a Peal from her eternal Clapper, I had rather be confin'd to an Iron-mill.

La. Kn. Sure *Lucretia* merits a Husband of as much worth as your Nephew Sir.

Sir Pat. A better, Madam, for he's the lewdeſt Hector in the Town, he has all the Vices of youth, Whoring, Swearing, Drinking, Damning, Fighting, — and a Thouſand more, numberleſs and nameleſs.

La. Kn. Time Sir may make him more abſtemious.

Sir Pat. Oh never Madam! 'tis in's Nature, he was born with it, he's given over to Reprobation, 'tis bred i'th' bone, —— he's loſt.

Lean. This is the firſt good Office that ever he did me.

La. Kn.

La. Kn. What think you Sir, if in defiance of your Inurbanity, I take him with all theſe faults my ſelf?

Sir Pat. How Madam!

La. Kn. Without more Ambages Sir, I have conſider'd your former deſires, and have conſented to marry him, notwithſtanding your exprobrations.

Sir. Pat. May I believe this Madam, and has your Ladiſhip that goodneſs! —and haſt thou my Boy ſo much Wit? why this is ſomething now, — well he was ever the beſt and ſweeteſt natur'd youth, — why what a notable wag's this? and is it true my Boy, hah?

Lean. Yes Sir, I had told you ſo before had you permitted me to ſpeak.

Sir Pat. Well Madam, he is onely fit for your excellent Ladiſhip, he is the prettieſt civilleſt Lad! —— well go thy ways; I ſhall never ſee the like of thee, no — Ingeniouſly the Boy's made for ever, Two thouſand Pounds a year beſides Money, Plate, and Jewels, made for ever. — Well Madam, the ſatisfaction I take in this Alliance, has made me reſolve to give him immediately my Writings of all my Land in *Berkshire*, Five hundred Pounds a year Madam, and I wou'd have you Married this morning with my Daughter, ſo one Dinner and one Rejoycing will ſerve both.

La. Kn. That Sir, we have already agree'd upon.

Sir Pat. Well I'le fetch the Writings. Come *Iſabella*, I'le not truſt you out of my ſight to day. [*Ex. Sir* Pat. *and* Iſab.

Lean. VVell then Madam, you are reſolv'd upon this buſineſs of Matrimony.

La. Kn. Was it not concluded between us Sir this morning? and at the near approach do you begin to fear?

Lean. Nothing Madam, ſince I'me convinc'd of your goodneſs.

La. Kn. You flatter Sir, this is meer Adulation.

Lean. No, I am that wild Extravagant my Uncle render'd me, and cannot live confin'd.

La. Kn. To one Woman you mean? I ſhall not ſtand with you for a Miſtreſs or two, I hate a dull moroſe unfaſhionable Blockhead to my Husband, nor ſhall I be the firſt example of a ſuffering Wife Sir; Women were created poor obedient things.

Lean. And can you be content to ſpare me five or ſix nights in a week?

La. Kn. Oh you're too reaſonable.

Lean. And for the reſt, if I get drunk, perhaps I'le give to you: yet in my Drink I'me damn'd ill natur'd too, and may neglect my duty, perhaps ſhall be ſo wicked to call you cunning, deceitful, gilting, baſe, and ſwear you have undone me, ſwear you have raviſh'd from my faithful heart, all that cou'd make it bleſt or happy.

Enter Lucretia *weeping.*

La. Fa. How now, *Lucretia?*

Lucr. Oh Madam, give me leave to kneel before, and tell you if you purſue the Cruelty I hear you're going to commit, I am the moſt loſt, moſt wretched Maid that breaths; We two have plighted faiths, and ſhou'd you marry him, 'twere ſo to ſin as Heaven wou'd never pardon.

La. Kn. Riſe fool.

Lucr. Never, till you have given me back *Leander*, or leave to live no more, ——— pray kill me Madam; and the ſame Flowers that deck your Nuptial-bed,
Shall ſerve to ſtrow my Herſe, when I ſhall lie
A dead cold witneſs of your Tyranny.

La. Kn. Riſe, I ſtill deſign'd him yours. — I ſaw with pleaſure Sir, your reclination from my addreſſes, — I have prov'd both your Paſſions, and 'twere unkind not to Crown 'em with the due præmium of each others merits. [*Gives her to* Lean.

Lean. Can Heaven and you agree to be ſo bountiful?

La. Kn. Be not amaz'd at this turn, *Rotat omne fatum*, —— but no more, — keep ſtill that maſk of Love we firſt put on, till you have gain'd the Writings, for I have no joy beyond cheating that filthy Uncle of thine, — *Lucretia* wipe your eyes, and prepare for *Hymen*, the hour draws near. *Thaleſſio, Thaleſſio!* as the *Romans* cry'd.

Lucr. May you be ſtill admir'd as you deſerve!

Enter Sir Patient *with Writings, and* Iſabella.

Sir Pat. How Madam *Lucretia*, and in tears!

La. Kn. A little diſguſted Sir, with her Father-in-law, Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh is that all, hold up thy head Sweet-heart, thy turn's next, — here Madam, I ſurrender my Title, with theſe Writings, and

and with 'em my Joy, my Life, my Darling, my *Leander*, —— now let's away, where's Mr. *Fain-love*?

Isab. He's but ſtept into *Cheapſide* to fit the Ring Sir, and will be here immediately.

Sir Pat. I have buſineſs anon about Eleven of the Clock, a Conſultation of Phyſicians to confer about this Carkaſe of mine.

Lean. Phyſicians Sir, what to doe?

Sir Pat. To do! why to take their advice Sir, and to follow it.

Lean. For what I beſeech you Sir?

Sir Pat. Why Sir for my health.

Lean. I believe you are not ſick Sir, —— unleſs they make you ſo.

Sir Pat. They make me ſo!— do you hear him Madam, — am not I ſick Sir? not I, Sir *Patient Fancy* ſick?

La. Kn. He'le deſtroy my deſign, — how Mr. *Fancy*, not Sir *Patient* ſick? or muſt he be incinerated before you'le credit it?

Sir Pat. Aye Madam, I want but dying to undeceive him, and yet I am not ſick!

Lean. Sir I love your life, and wou'd not have you die with Fancy and Conceit. ——

Sir Pat. Fancy and Conceit! do but obſerve him Madam, — what do ye mean Sir, by Fancy and Conceit?

La. Kn. He'le ruin all, —— why Sir, —— he means——

Sir Pat. Nay let him alone, let him alone, (with your Ladiſhips pardon)——come Sir, —— Fancy and Conceit, I take it, was the Queſtion in debate, —

Lean. I cannot prove this to you Sir, by force of Argument, but by demonſtration I will, if you will baniſh all your couzening Quacks, and take my wholeſome advice.

Sir Pat. Do but hear him Madam, not prove it.

La. Kn. Sir he means nothing, —— not ſick! alas Sir you're very ſick.

Sir Pat. Aye, Aye, your Ladiſhip is a Lady of profound knowledge —— why have I not had the advice of all the Doctors in *England*, and have I not been in continual Phyſick this Twenty years, — and yet I am not ſick! ask my dear Lady Sir, how ſick I am, ſhe can inform you. [La. Kno. *goes and talks to* Iſab.

Lean. She does her endeavour Sir, to keep up the humour.

Sir Pat. How Sir!

Lean. She wiſhes you dead Sir.

Sir Pat. What ſaid the Raſcal? wiſhes me dead!

Lean. Sir ſhe hates you.

Sir Pat. How! hate me! what my Lady hate me?

Lean. She abuſes your Love, plays tricks with ye, and cheats ye Sir.

Sir Pat. Was ever ſo prophane a wretch! what, you will not prove this neither?

Lean. Yes, by demonſtration too.

Sir Pat. Why thou ſawcie Varlet, Sirrah, Sirrah thank my Lady here I do not cudgel thee, ——— well I will ſettle the reſt of my Eſtate upon her to morrow, I will Sir, — and thank God you have what you have Sir, make much on't.

Lean. Pardon me Sir, 'tis not my ſingle opinion, but the whole City takes notice on't, that I tell it you Sir is the effects of my Duty not Intereſt, pray give me leave to prove this to you Sir.

Sir Pat. What you are at your Demonſtration again?—come ——— let's hear.

Lean. Why Sir, —give her frequent opportunities, ——and then ſurpriſe her, — or, —by pretending to ſettle all upon her, — give her your Power, and ſee if ſhe do not turn you out of doors, ——— or ———by feigning you are ſick to death ——or indeed by dying.

Sir Pat. I thank you Sir, ———this indeed is Demonſtration, I take it.——— [*Pulls off his Hat.*

Lean. I mean but feigning Sir, and be a witneſs your ſelf of her ſorrow, or contempt.

Sir Pat. Pauſes] —Hah—hum,—why ingeniouſly this may be a very pretty Project, — well Sir, ſuppoſe I follow your advice? — nay I profeſs I will do ſo, not to try her Faith, but to have the pleaſure to hear her Conjugal Lamentations, feel her Tears bedew my Face, and her ſweet Mouth kiſſing my Cheeks a thouſand times, verily a wonderful comfort, ——— and then Sir, what becomes of your Demonſtration.———

Enter Wittmore *with the Ring.*

Oh, ——— Mr. *Fain-love*, come come you're tardy, let us away to Church.

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir here is Doctor *Turboone*, and thoſe other Doctors your Worſhip expected.

Enter Lady Fancy.

Sir Pat. The Doctors already! ——well bring 'em up, come Madam, we have waited for your Ladiſhip, ——— bring up the Doctors *Roger*.

La. Fa. Wittmore, I have now brought that deſign to a happy concluſion for which I married this formal Aſs, I'le tell thee more anon, — we are obſerv'd.

La. Kn. Oh *Lodwick*'s come.

Enter Lodwick, *Monſieur* Turboon, *Fat Doctor*, Amſterdam, Leyden, *Sir* Credulous.

Sir Pat. Doctor *Turboon* your Servant, I expected you not this two hours.

Turb. Nor had ee com Sir, bot for deſe wordy Gentelmen, whos affairs wode not permit dem to com at your hour.

Sir Pat. Are they *Engliſh* pray?

Turb. Dis is Sir, —[*pointing to* Lod.] an admirable Phyſician, and a rare Aſtrologer. ——Dis ſpeaks good *Engliſh*, bot a *Collender* born. [*points to Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. What a pox does the Fellow call me a Cullender?

Lod. He means a *High-Dutch* man of the Town of *Collen*, Sir.

Sir Pat. Sir I have heard of your Fame,—Doctor pray entertain theſe Gentlemen till my return, I'le be with you preſently.

Lod. Sir I hope you go not forth to day? [*Gazing on his Face.*

Sir Pat. Not far, Sir.

Lod. There is a certain Star has rul'd this two daies Sir, of a very malignant Influence to perſons of your Complexion and conſtitution, ——let me ſee —within this two hours and ſix Minutes, its Malice will be ſpent, till then it will be fatall.

Sir Pat. Hum, reign'd this two days? —I profeſs and things have gon very croſs with me this two daies, —a notable man this.

La. Kn. Oh a very Profound Aſtrologer Sir, upon my Honour I know him.

Sir Pat. But this is an affair of that importance Sir——

Lod. If it be more than health or Life, I beg your Pardon Sir.

Sir Pat. Nay no offence Sir I beſeech you, I'le ſtay Sir.

La. Kn. How! Sir *Patient* not ſee us Married?

Sir Pat. You ſhall excuſe me Madam.

La. Fa. This was lucky, oh Madam wou'd you have my Dear venture out, when a malignant Star reigns! not for the world.

Sir Pat. No I'le not ſtir, had it been any Star but a malignant Star, I had waited on your Ladiſhip. But theſe malignant Stars are very Pernicious ſtars. Nephew, take my Lady *Knowell*; Mr. *Fain-love* my Daughter, and *Bartholomew* do you conduct my Lady, the Parſon ſtays for you, and the Coaches are at the door. { *Exeunt Lady* Knowell, Leander, Wittmore *and* Iſab. *Lady* Fancy *and* Bartholomew.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady has ſent for you.

Lod. Sir I'le be with you preſently, Sir *Credulous* be ſure you lug him by the Ears, with any ſort of ſtuff, till my return, I'le ſend you a friend to keep you in Countenance.

Sir Pat. Pleaſe you to ſit Gentlemen?

Amſt. Pleaſe you Sir. [*To Sir* Cred. *who bows and runs back.*

Sir Cred. Oh Lord ſweet Sir, I hope you do not take me—Nay I beſeech you Noble Sir———Reverend Sir.

[*Turning from one to t'other.*

Leyd. By no means Sir, a ſtranger.

Sir Cred. I beſeech you—*Scavantiſſimi Doctores*,———incomparable Sir,—and you——or you.

Fat D. Introth Sir, theſe Complements are needleſs, I am ſomething corpulent and love my eaſe. [*Sits.*

Sir Cred. Generous Sir, you ſay well, therefore *Conlicentia*, as the *Grecians* have it. [*Sits.*

Amſt. —Brother.———

Leyd. Nay good Brother,———Sir *Patient*.———

Sir Pat. Ingeniouſly, not before you, Mr. Doctor.

Leyd. Excuſe me Sir, an Alderman, and a Knight.—

Sir Pat. Both below the leaſt of the Learned Society.

Leyd. Since you will have it ſo. { *All ſit and cry hum,—and look gravely.*

Sir Cred. Hum—hum, moſt Worthy, and moſt Renouned—*Medicinæ Profeſſores, qui hic aſſemblati eſtis; & vos altra Meſtoris*, I am now going to make a Motion for the Publick good of us all, but will do nothing without your Doctorſhips Approbation.

Sir Pat. Judiciouſly concluded.

Sir Cred.

Sir Cred. The question then is, *Reverentiſſimi Doctores*, whether— for mark me, I come to the matter in hand, hating long Circumſtances of words; there being no neceſſity as our Learned Brother *Rabalis* obſerves in that moſt notorious Treatiſe of his call'd *Garagantua*, there is ſays he, no neceſſity of going over the Hedg when the Path lies fair before ye; therefore as I ſaid before, I now ſay again coming to my Queſtion, for as that admirable *Welch* Divine ſays in that ſo famous Sermon of his, upon her Creat Cranfather Hadam and her Creat Cranmother Heeve concerning the Happell, —and her will warrant her, her will keep to her Text ſtill, —ſo I ſtick cloſe to my queſtion, which is *Illuſtriſſimi Doctores*, whether it be not neceſſary to the Affair in hand —— to take —— a Bottle, and if your Doctorſhips are of my opinion —— hold up your Thumbs. [*All hold up their Thumbs.*

—Look Sir, you obſerve the Votes of the Learned *Cabaliſts*.

Sir Pat. Which ſhall be put in Act forthwith—I like this man well, he does nothing without mature deliberation. [*Goes on.*

Enter Brunſwick.

Brun. By your leaves Gentlemen, —Sir *Crodulous*— [*Whiſpers.*

Sir Cred. Oh—'tis *Ladwicks* Friend, the Raſcall's dreſt like *Vanderbergen* in the *Strand*:—Sir *Patrant*— pray know this glorious Doctor Sir.

Sir Pat. A Doctor Sir?

Sir Cred. A Doctor Sir, yes, and as Eloquent a Doctor, Sir, as ever ſet Bill to Poſt, why 'tis—the incomparable—*Brunſwick*, high *Dutch* Doctor.

Sir Pat. You're welcome Sir,—Pray ſit; ah—well Sir you are come to viſit a very Crazy ſickly Perſon Sir.

Brun. Pray let me feel your Pulſe Sir, —what think you Gentlemen, is he not very far gone? [*Feels his pulſe, they all feel.*

Sir Cred. Ah far, far,— Pray Sir, have you not a certain wambling Pain in your Stomach Sir, as it were Sir a—a Pain Sir.

Sir Pat. Oh very great Sir, eſpecially in a Morning Faſting.

Sir Cred. I knew it by your ſtinking breath Sir, —and are you not troubled with a pain in your Head Sir?

Sir Pat. In my Head Sir?

Sir Cred. I mean a—kind of a—Pain, —a kind of a—*Vertigo* as the *Latins* call it, and a *Whirligigouſtiphon* as the *Greeks* have

have it, which ſignifies in *Engliſh* Sir, a Dizzie-ſwimming kind—of a de ye ſee—a thing—that—a—you underſtand me.

Sir Pat. Oh intolerable, intolerable,—why this is a rare man.

Fat D. Your reaſon Sir for that? [*To Sir* Cred.

Sir Cred. My reaſon Sir? why my reaſon Sir is this, *Haly* the *Moore*, and *Rabbie Iſack* and ſome thouſands more of learned *Dutchmen* obſerve your dull wall Eye and your Whir—*Whirligigouſtiphon*, to be inſeparable.

Brun. A moſt Learned reaſon.

Fat D. Oh Sir inſeparable.

Sir Cred. And have you not a kind of a—ſomething—de ye mark me, when you make water, a kind of a ſtopping—and—a—de ye conceive me, I have forgot the *Engliſh* term Sir, but in *Latin* 'tis a *Stronggullionibus*.

Sir Pat. Oh Sir moſt extreamly, 'tis that which makes me deſperate Sir.

Sir Cred. Your ugly Face is an infallible ſign, your *Dyſurie* as the *Arabicks* call it, and your Ill-favor'd Countenance, are conſtant Relatives.

All. Conſtant, conſtant.

Sir Cred. Pray how do you eat, Sir?

Sir Pat. Ah Sir, there's my diſtraction. Alas Sir, I have the weakeſt ſtomach—I do not make above four Meals a day, and then indeed I eat heartily—but alas what's that to eating to live,—nothing Sir nothing.—

Sir Cred. Poor heart I pity him.

Sir Pat. And between meals, good Wine, Sweet-meats, Caudles,—Cordialls and Mirabiliſes, to keep up my fainting Spirits.

Sir Cred. A Pox of his Aldermanſhip: an the whole Bench were ſuch notable ſwingers, twou'd Famiſh the City ſooner than a Siege.

Amſt. Brothers what do you think of this man?

Leyd. Think Sir? I think his Caſe is deſperate.

Sir Cred. Shaw Sir, we ſhall ſoon rectify the quiblets and quillities of his bloud if he obſerves our directions and diet, which is to eat but once in four or five daies.

Sir Pat. How Sir, eat but once in four or five daies! ſuch a dyet Sir wou'd kill me, alas Sir kill me.

Sir Cred. Oh no Sir, no, for look ye Sir the Caſe is thus, do ye mind me—ſo that the buſineſs lying ſo obvious de ye ſee, there

is

is a certain method do ye mark me—in a—Now Sir when a man goes about to alter the course of Nature,——the case is very plain, you may as well arrest the Chariot of the Sun, or alter the Eclipses of the Moon, for Sir this being of another Nature, the Nature of it is to be unnaturall, you conceive me Sir?—therefore we must crave your absence Sir for a few Minutes, till we have debated this great Affair.

Sir Pat. With all my heart Sir, since my case is so desperate, a few hours were not too much. [*Ex. Sir* Patient.

Sir Cred. Now Sir, my Service to you. [*Drinks.*

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Oh living heart! what do all these men do in our house? sure they are a sort of New-fashion'd *Conventiclers*:—I'le hear 'em preach. [*They drink round the while.*

Amst. Sir my service to you, and to your good Lady, Sir.

Ley. Again to you Sir, not forgetting your Daughters: they are fine Women Sir, let Scandal do its worst. [*Drinks.*

Turb. To our better trading Sir.

Brun. Faith it goes but badly on, I had the weekly Bill and 'twas a very thin Mortality, some of the better sort dye indeed that have good round Fees to give.

Turb. Verily I have not kill'd above my five or six this week.

Brun. How Sir kill'd?

Turb. Kill'd Sir! ever whilst you live, especially those who have the grand *Verole*, for 'tis not for a man's Credit to let the Patient want an Eye or a Nose, or some other ting, I have kill'd ye my five or six dozen a week —but times are hard.

Brun. I grant ye Sir, your Poor for Experiment, and improvement of Knowledge, and to say truth there ought to be such Scavengers as we to sweep away the Rubbish of the Nation.

[*Sir* Cred. *and* Fat *seeming in discourse.*

Sir Cred. Nay an you talk of a beast; My service to you Sir—[*Drinks*] Aye, I lost the finest beast of a Mare in all *Devonshire.*

Fat D. And I the finest Spaniel Sir.

[*Here they all talk together till you come to* —purpose Sir.

Turb. Pray what news is there stirring?

Brun. Faith Sir, I am one of those fools that never regard whether *Lewes* or *Philip* have the better or the worst.

Turb. Peace is a great blessing Sir, a very great blessing.

Brun. You are i'th' right Sir, and so my service to you Sir.

Ley. Well, Sir, *Stetin* held out Nobly, though the Gazetts are various.

Amſt. There's a world of men kill'd they ſay, why what a ſhame 'tis ſo many thouſand ſhould dye without the help of a Phyſician.

Ley. Hang 'em they were poor Rogues and not worth our killing, my ſervice to you Sir, they'le ſerve to fill up Trenches.

Sir Cred. Spaniell Sir! no man breathing underſtands Dogs and Horſes better then my ſelf.

Fat D. Your Pardon for that Sir.

Sir Cred. For look ye Sir, I'le tell you the Nature of Dogs and Horſes.

Fat D. So can my Groom and Dog-keeper, but what's this t'th' purpoſe Sir? [*Here they leave off.*

Sir Cred. To th' purpoſe Sir, good Mr. *Hedleburgh* do you underſtand what's to th' purpoſe? you're a *Dutch* Butter-ferkin, a Kilderkin, a Double Jugg.

Fat D. You're an ignorant Blockhead Sir.

Sir Cred. You lye Sir, and there I was with you again.

Amſt. What, quarrelling, men of your gravity and Profeſſion!

Sir Cred. That is to ſay Fools and Knaves, pray how long is't ſince you left Toping and Naping, for Quacking, good Brother Cater-tray, —but let that paſs, for I'le have my Humour, and therefore will quarrell with no man, and ſo I drink.——— [*Goes to fill again.*

Brun. ——But what's all this to the Patient, Gentlemen?

Sir Cred. Aye—the Wine's all out, —and quarrells apart Gentlemen as you ſay, what do ye think of our Patient, for ſomething I conceive neceſſary to be ſaid for our Fees.

Fat D. I think that unleſs he follows our Preſcriptions he's a dead man.

Sir Cred. Aye Sir a dead man.

Fat D. Pleaſe you to write Sir, you ſeem the youngeſt Doctor. [*To Amſt.*

Amſt. Your Pardon Sir, I conceive there may be younger Doctors then I at the board.

Sir Cred. A fine Punctilio this, when a man lies a dy- [*Aſide.*
ing—Sir you ſhall excuſe me, I have been a Doctor this 7 years.
[*They ſhove the pen and paper from one to the other.*

Amſt. I Commenc't at *Paris* twenty years agoe.

Ley.

Ley. And I at *Leyden*, almoſt as long ſince.

Fat D. And I at *Bercelona* thirty.

Sir Cred. And I at *Padua*, Sir.

Fat D. You at *Padua?*

Sir Cred. Yes Sir I at *Padua*, why what a Pox do ye think I never was beyond-ſea?

Brun. However Sir you are the youngeſt Doctor and muſt write.

sir Cred. I will not loſe an Inch of my Dignity.

Fat D. Nor I. *Amſt.* Nor I. *Ley.* Nor I. *Brun.* Death what Raſcalls are theſe? [*Put the paper from each other*

sir Cred. Give me the pen—here's adoe about your *Paduas* and Punctilioes. [*Sets himſelf to write.*

Amſt. Every Morning a Doſe of my Pills *Merda quecruſticon*, or the Amicable Pill.

Sir Cred. Faſting?

Ley. Every hour Sixſcore drops of *Adminicula Vitæ.*

Sir Cred. —Faſting too? [*Sir* Credulous *writes ſtill.*

Fat D. At Night twelve Cordiall Pills, *Gallimofriticus.*

Turb. Let bloud once a week, a Gliſter once a day.

Brun. Cry Mercy Sir, you're a *French* man — After his firſt ſleep, threeſcore reſtorative Pills call'd *Cheatus Redivivus.*

sir Cred. —And laſtly, fifteen ſpoonfulls of my *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*, as often as 'tis neceſſary, little or no Breakfaſt, leſs Dinner, and go ſupperleſs to bed.

Fat D. Hum, your *Aqua Tetrachymagogon?*

sir Cred. Yes Sir, my *Tetrachymagogon*, for look ye do ye ſee Sir, I cur'd the Arch-Duke of *Strumbulo*, of a *Gondileero*, of which he dy'd, with this very *Aqua Tetrachymagogon.*

Enter sir Patient.

Sir Pat. Well Gentlemen am I not an intruder?

Fat. Sir we have duly conſider'd the ſtate of your Body: and are now about the order and method you are to obſerve.

Brun. Aye this diſtemper will be the occaſion of his death.

Sir Cred. Hold Brothers, I do not ſay the occaſion of his death: But the occaſional cauſe of his death. [*Sir* Pat. *reads the Bill.*

Sir Pat. Why here's no time allow'd for eating Gentlemen.

Amſt. Sir we'le juſtify this Preſcription to the whole College.

Ley. If he will not follow it, let him dye.

All. Aye let him dye.

Enter Lodwick *and* Leander.

Lod. What have you conſulted without me Gentlemen?

[Lod. *reads the Bill.*

Sir Pat. Yes Sir, and find it abſolutely neceſſary for my health Sir, I ſhou'd be ſtarv'd: and yet you ſay I am not ſick Sir.

[*To* Leand.

Lod. Very well, very well.

Sir Pat. No Breakfaſt, no Dinner, no Supper?

Sir Cred. Little or none, but none's beſt.

Sir Pat. But Gentlemen conſider, no ſmall thing?

All. Nothing, nothing.

Sir Cred. Sir, you muſt write for your Fee. [*To* Lod.

Lod. Now I think on't Sir you may eat, [*writes*] a Roſted-Pippin cold upon a Vine leaf, at night.

Lean. Do you ſee Sir, what damn'd canting Raſcals theſe Doctors are?

Sir Pat. Aye, aye, if all Doctors were ſuch, ingeniouſly I ſhou'd ſoon be weary of Phyſick.

Lean. Give 'em their Fees Sir, and ſend 'em to the Devil for a company of Cheats.

Sir Pat. Truth is, there's no faith in 'em, —well I thank you for your care and pains. [*gives 'em Fees.*

Sir Cred. Sir if you have any occaſion for me, I live at the Red colour'd Lanthorn, with Eleven Candles in't, in the *Strand*; where you may come in privately, and need not be aſhamed, I having no Creature in my Houſe but my ſelf, and my whole Family. —— [*Exeunt.*

Ick quam Van Neder Landt te ſpreken
End helpen Van Pocken end ander gebreken.

That's a top of my Bill ſweet Sir.

Fan. Lord, Sir Father, why did you give 'em money?

Lean. For talking nonſenſe this hour or two upon his diſtemper.

Fan. Oh lemini Sir, they did not talk one word of you, but of Dogs, and Horſes, and of killing folks, and of their Wives and Daughters; and when the Wine was all out, they ſaid they wou'd ſay ſomething for their Fees.

Sir Pat. Say you ſo?— Knaves, Rogues, Cheats, Murderers! I'le be reveng'd on 'em all, — I'le ne're be ſick again, — or if I

be

be I'le die honeſtly of my ſelf without the aſſiſtance of ſuch Raſcals,— go, get you gone, — [*To* Fan. *who goes out.*

Lean. A happy reſolution, wou'd you wou'd be ſo kind to your ſelf as to make a trial of your Lady too, and if ſhe prove true, 'twill make ſome kind of amends for your ſo long being couzen'd this way.

Sir Pat. I'le about it, this very minute about it, — give me a Chair.— [*He ſits.*

Lean. So, ſettle your ſelf well, diſorder your Hair, — throw away your Cane, Hat, and Gloves, — ſtare and rowl your eyes, ſqueez your Face into Convulſions, — clutch your hands, —— make your Stomach heave,——ſo, very well,——— now let me alone for the reſt, — Oh, help, help my Lady, my Aunt, for Heavens ſake help, — come all and ſee him die. [*Weeps.*

Enter Wittmore, *Lady* Fancy, Iſabella, Lucretia, *Lady* Knowell, *and* Roger.

Witt. Leander, what's the matter?

Lean. See Madam, ſee my Uncle in the Agonies of Death.

La. Fa. My deareſt Husband dying, Oh! [*Weeps.*

Lean. How hard he ſtruggles with departing life!

Iſab. Father, dear Father, muſt I in one day receive a bleſſing with ſo great a curſe? Oh, — he's juſt going Madam. — [*Weeps.*

La. Fa. Let me o'retake him in the ſhades below, why do you hold me, can I live without him? —do I diſſemble well?— [*Aſide to* Witt.

Sir Pat. Not live without me! —— do you hear that ſirrah? [*Aſide to* Lean.

Lean. Pray Mark the end on't Sir, —feign,— feign,——

La. Kn. We left him well, how came he thus o'th' ſuddain?

Lean. I fear 'tis an Apoplexy Madam.

La. Fa. Run, run for his Phyſician! but do not ſtir a foot. [*Aſide to* Roger.

Look up and ſpeak but one kind word to me.

Sir Pat. What cries are theſe that ſtop me on my way?

La. Fa. They're mine,—— your Ladies, — oh ſurely he'le recoves, [*Aſide*] your moſt obedient Wife's.

Sir Pat. My Wife's my Heir, my ſole Executrix.

La. Fa. Hah, is he in's ſenſes? [*Aſide to* Witt.] Oh my dear

Love, my Life, my Joy, my all, [*Cryes*] oh let me goe; I will not live without him. {*Seems to faint in* Wittmore's *Armes. All run about her.*

Sir Pat. Do ye hear that ſirrah?

Lean. Have yet a little patience, die away,——very well—Oh he's gone,——quite gone. La. Fa. *ſwounds.*

La. Kn. Look to my Lady there, [*ſwounds again*]——ſure ſhe can but counterfeit. [*Aſide.*] [*They all go about her.*

Sir Pat. Hah, my Lady dying!

Lean. Sir I beſeech you wait the event; Death! the cunning Devil will diſſemble too long and ſpoil all,——here——carry the dead Corps of my deareſt Uncle to his Chamber. Nurſe to your care I commit him now. [*Exeunt with Sir* Pat. *in a Chair.*

{*All follow but* Wittmore; *who going the other way meets sir* Credulous *and* Lodwick, *as before.*

Witt. Lodwick! the ſtrangeſt unexpected News, Sir *Patient's* Dead!

Sir Cred. How, dead! we have play'd the Phyſicians to good purpoſe i'faith, and kill'd the man before we adminiſtred our Phyſick.

Witt. Egad I fear ſo indeed.

Lod. Dead!

Witt. As a Herring, and 'twill be dangerous to keep theſe habits longer.

Sir Cred. Dangerous! Zoz man we ſhall all be hang'd, why our very Bill diſpatch'd him, and our Hands are to't,—— oh, I'le confeſs all.—— [*Offers to goe.*

Lod. Death Sir, I'le cut your Throat if you ſtir.

Sir Cred. Wou'd you have me hang'd for company Gentlemen? Oh where ſhall I hide my ſelf, or how come at my cloaths?

Lod. We have no time for that, go get you into your Basket again, and lie ſnug, till I have convey'd you ſafe away,——or I'le abandon you.——[*Aſide to him.*] 'Tis not neceſſary he ſhou'd be ſeen yet, he may ſpoil *Leander's* Plot. [*Aſide.*

Sir Cred. Oh thank ye dear *Lodwick*,——let me eſcape this bout, and if ever the Fool turn Phyſician again, may he be choak'd with his own *Tetrachymagogon.*

Witt. Go haſt and undreſs you, whilſt I'le to *Lucia.* [*Ex.* Lod.

As Wittmore *is going out at one Door, Enter Sir* Patient *and* Leander *at the other.*

Lean. Hah, *Wittmore* there! he muſt not ſee my Uncle yet.
[*Puts Sir* Pat. *back. Ex.* Witt.

Sir Pat. Nay Sir, never detain me, I'le to my Lady, is this your Demonſtration? —— was ever ſo vertuous a Lady? —— Well I'le to her, and conſole her poor heart, ah the joy 'twill bring her to ſee my Reſurrection! —— I long to ſurprize her.
[*Going off croſs the Stage.*

Lean. Hold Sir, I think ſhe's coming, —— bleſt ſight, and with her *Wittmore!* [*Puts Sir* Pat. *back to the door.*

Enter Lady Fancy *and* Wittmore.

Sir Pat. Hah, what's this?

La. Fa. Now my dear *Witmore*, claim thy Rites of Love without controll, without the contradiction of wretched Poverty or Jealouſy: Now, undiſguis'd thou maiſt approach my Bed, and reign o're all my Pleaſures and my Fortunes, of which this minute I create thee Lord.
And thus begin my Homage. —— [*Kiſſes him.*

Sir Pat. Sure 'tis ſome Fiend! This cannot be my Lady!

Lean. 'Tis ſomething uncivil before your face Sir, to do this.

Witt. Thou wondrous kind, and wondrous Beautiful, that Power that made thee with ſo many Charms, gave me a Soul fit onely to adore 'em; nor wert thou deſtin'd to another's Arms, but to be render'd ſtill more fit for mine.

Sir Pat. Hah, is not that *Fain-love? Iſabella*'s Husband? Oh Villain! Villain! I will renounce my Senſe and my Religion.
[*Aſide.*

La. Fa. Anothers Armes! Oh call not thoſe hated thoughts to my remembrance,
Leſt it deſtroy that kindly heat within me,
Which thou canſt onely raiſe, and ſtill maintain.

Sir Pat. Oh Woman! Woman! damn'd diſſembling Woman!
[*Aſide.*

La. Fa. Come let me lead thee to that Maſs of Gold he gave me to be deſpis'd:
And which I render thee, my lovely Conquerour,
As the firſt Tribute of my Glorious Servitude, —— Draw in the

the Basket which I told you of, and is amongst the Rubbish in the Hall, [*Ex.* Wittmore.] That which the Slave so many years was toiling for, I in one moment barter for a Kiss, as Earnest of our future Joys.

Sir Pat. Was ever so prodigal a Harlot? was this the Saint? was this the most tender Consort that ever man had?

Lean. No in good faith Sir.

Enter Wittmore *pulling in the Basket.*

La. Fa. This is it with a direction on't to thee, whither I design'd to send it.

Witt. Good morrow to the day, and next the Gold, open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint—hail the Worlds Soul—

[*Opens the Basket,* *Sir* Cred. *starts up.*

La. Fan. O Heavens! what thing art thou?

Sir. Cred. O Pardon, Pardon sweet Lady, I confess I had a hand in't.

La. Fa. In what, thou slave?——

Sir Cred. Killing the good believing Alderman,—but 'twas against my will.

La. Fa. Then I'me not so much oblig'd to thee,—but where's the money, the 8000 *l.* the Plate and Jewels, sirrah?

Witt. Death the Dog has eat it.

Sir Cred. Eat it! oh Lord, eat 8000 *l.* wou'd I might never come out of this Basket alive, if ever I made such a meal in my life.

Witt. Ye Dog you have eat it, and I'le make ye swallow all the Doses you writ in your Bill, but I'le have it upward or downward. [*Aside.*

Sir Pat. Hah, one of the Rogues my Doctours.

Sir Cred. Oh dear Sir, hang me out of the way rather.

Enter Maundy.

Maun. Madam, I have sent away the Basket to Mr. *Wittmores* Lodgings.

La. Fa. You might have sav'd your self that labour, I now having no more to doe, but to bury the stinking Corps of my quondam

quondam Cuckold, diſmiſs his Daughters, and give thee quiet poſſeſſion of all. [*To* Witt.

Sir Pat. Fair Lady, you'l take me along with you? [*Snaps.*

[*Pulls off his Hat and comes up to her.*

La. Fa. My Husband! —— I'me betray'd——

Sir. Pat. Husband! I do defie thee Satan, thou greater Whore than ſhe of *Babylon:* thou ſhame, thou abomination to thy Sex.

La. Fa. Rail on, whilſt I diſpoſe my ſelf to laugh at thee.

Sir Pat. Leander, call all the Houſe in, to be a witneſs of our Divorce. [*Ex.* Leander.

La. Fa. Do, and all the World, and let 'em know the Reaſon.

Sir Pat. Methinks I find an inclination to ſwear, —to curſe my ſelf and thee, that I cou'd no better diſcern thee; nay, I'me ſo chang'd from what I was, that I think I cou'd even approve of Monarchy and Church Diſcipline, I'me ſo truly convinc'd I have been a beaſt and an aſs all my life.

Enter La. Know. Iſabella, Lucre. Lean. Lodwick, Fan. *&c.*

La. Kn. Hah, Sir *Patient* not dead?

Sir Pat. Ladies and Gentlemen, take notice that I am a Cuckold, a Crop-ear'd ſnivelling Cuckold.

Sir Cred. A Cuckold! ſweet Sir, ſhaw that's a ſmall matter in a man of your Quality.

Sir Pat. And I beg your pardon Madam, for being angry that you call'd me ſo. [*To La.* Know.] And yours, Dear *Iſabella*, for deſiring you to marry my good Friend there [*points to Witt.*] whoſe Name I perceive I was miſtaken in:—And yours *Leander*, that I wou'd not take your Advice long ſince: And yours fair Lady, for believing you honeſt,— twas done like a credulous Coxcomb: —And yours Sir, for taking any of your Tribe for Wife, Learn'd, or Honeſt. [*To Sir* Credulous.

Witt. Faith Sir, I deceiv'd ye onely to ſerve my Friend, and Sir, your Daughter is married to Mr. *Knowell*; your Wife had all my ſtock of Love before, Sir. [Lod. *and* Iſab. *kneel.*

Sir Pat. Why God-a-mercy—ſome comfort that,—God bleſs ye—I ſhall love diſobedience while I live for't.

Lod. I'me glad on't Sir, for then I hope you will forgive *Leander*, who has married my Siſter and not my Mother.

Sir Pat. How! has he ſerv'd me ſo,—I'le make him my Heir for't; thou haſt made a Man of me my Boy, and faith we will be merry,——fair Lady, you may depart in peace fair Lady, reſtoring my Money, my Plate, my Jewels and my Writings, fair Lady—.

La. Fa. You gave me no Money Sir, prove it if you can, and for your Land, 'twas not ſettled with this Proviſo, If ſhe be Honeſt?

Sir Pat. 'Tis well thou doſt confeſs I am a Cuckold, for I wou'd have it known, fair Lady.

La. Fa. 'Twas to that End I married you, good Alderman.

Sir Pat. I'faith I think thou didſt ſweet-heart, I'faith I think thou didſt.

Witt. Right Sir, for we have long been Lovers, but want of Fortune made us contrive how to marry her to your good Worſhip. Many a wealthy Citizen Sir, has contributed to the maintenance of a younger Brother's Miſtreſs, and you are not the firſt Man in Office that has been a Cuckold, Sir.

Sir Pat. Some comfort that too,—the Brethren of the Chain cannot laugh at me.

Sir Cred. A very pleaſant old Fellow this faith, I cou'd be very merry with him now but that I am damnable ſad,—Madam, I ſhall deſire to lay the Saddle on the right Horſe. [*To La.* Know.

La. Kn. What mean you Sir?

Sir Cred. Onely Madam, if I were as ſome men are, I ſhould not be as I am.

La. Kn. It may be ſo Sir.

Sir Cred. I ſay no more, but matters are not carry'd ſo ſwimmingly, but I can dive into the meaning on't.

[*Sir* Patient *talks this while to* Lodw.

La. Kn. I hate this Hypothetical way of arguing, anſwer me Categorically.

Sir Cred. Hypothetical and Categorical! what does ſhe mean now? [*Aſide.*] ——Madam, in plain Engliſh I am made a *John A-Nokes* of, *Jack-hold-my-ſtaff*, a *Merry Andrew* Doctor to give *Leander* time to marry your Daughter, and 'twas therefore I was hoiſted up in the Basket,——but as the Play ſays, 'tis well 'tis no worſe: I'de rather loſe my Miſtreſs then my life.

Sir Pat.

Sir Pat. But how came this Rascal *Turboon* to admit you?

Lod. For the lucre of our fees Sir, which was his recompence.

Sir Pat. I forgive it you, and will turn Spark, they live the merriest lives——keep some City Mistress, go to Court, and hate all Conventicles.

You see what a fine City Wife can doe
Of the true breed: Instruct her Husband too:
I wish all civil Cuckolds in the Nation,
Would take Example by my Reformation.

FINIS.

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EPILOGUE, spoken by Mrs. Gwin.

I Here, and there, o'reheard a Coxcomb Cry [Looking about
Ah, Rott it—'tis a Womans Comedy,
One, who because she lately chanc't to please us,
With her Damn'd stuff will never cease to teaze us.
What has poor Woman done that she must be,
Debar'd from Sense and Sacred Poetrie?
Why in this Age has Heaven allow'd you more,
And Women less of Wit then heretofore?
We once were fam'd in Story, and cou'd write
Equall to men; cou'd Govern, nay cou'd Fight.
We still have passive Valour, and can show
Wou'd Custom give us leave the Active too,
Since we no provocations want from you.
For who but we, cou'd your Dull Fopperies bear,
Your Saucy Love, and your brisk Nonsence hear;
Indure your worse then womanish affectation,
Which renders you the Nusance of the Nation;
Scorn'd even by all the Misses of the Town,
A jest to Vizard Mask, the Pitt-Buffoone;
A Glass by which th' admiring Country Fool
May learn to dress himself en Ridicule:
Both striving who shall most Ingenious grow
In Lewdness, Foppery, Nonsence, Noise and Show.
And yet to these fine things we must submit
Our Reason, Arms, our Lawrells, and our Wit.
Because we do not Laugh at you when Lewd,
And scorn and cudgell ye when you are Rude;
That we have Nobler Souls then you, we prove,
By how much more we're sensible of Love;
Quickest in finding all the subtlest waies
To make your Joys: why not to make you Plays?
We best can find your Feables, know our own,
And Gilts and Cuckolds now best please the Town;
Your way of writing's out of Fashion grown.
Method, and Rule—you only understand,
Pursue that way of Fooling, and be Damn'd.
Your Learned Cant of Action, Time, and Place,
Must all give way to the unlabour'd farce.
To all the Men of Witt we will subscribe:
But for you half Wits, you unthinking Tribe,
We'll let you see, what e're besides we doe,
How Artfully we Copy some of you:
And if you're drawn to th' life, pray tell me then
Why Women should not write as well as Men.